

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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"LOVE AND TEARS FOR THE BLUE: TEARS AND LOVE FOR THE GRAY."
DECORATION DAY AND ITS MEMORIES.—SEE PAGE 233.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1883.

HENRY GEORGE'S ECONOMIC VIEWS.

MR. GEORGE'S habit of thought is as defective on the economic side as on the logical. He dwells forcibly upon the capitalist's unlimited capacity for increase in the power of accumulation and control of wealth, but never touches upon those natural limitations upon his power to consume or destroy it, which virtually reduce the capitalist's power to deduct from the sum total of the world's wealth to a figure less than that of most laboring men. A. T. Stewart's power of accumulation and control extended over a hundred millions of dollars. But this was mere custody. His power of consuming, or deducting from the aggregate wealth of society, extended only to a raw egg, a cup of coffee, and some toast for breakfast, worth, perhaps, twenty cents, while a porter, earning two dollars a day, would have eaten a breakfast worth seventy-five cents. Mr. Stewart being a dyspeptic, was compelled to starve his system more than many who cannot buy food. Mr. Vanderbilt has better health. But it is doubtful if his health is good enough to enable him to abstract from the world's wealth the net sum of one thousand dollars a year for his personal consumption; and, owing to the difference between individual and corporate power over property, even his power to destroy wealth if he insanely desired to, is much less than that of an African chief. The latter might burn his villages with impunity, but if Vanderbilt should attempt to destroy a railway the courts would protect it even from its owner.

Let us analyze the above proposition carefully. Vanderbilt's modes of using wealth are limited to four—viz., consumption, ostentation, hoarding or idleness, and reproductive capital. His reproductive capital includes all which he invests in a manner to desire or seek an income from it, whether in railroads, mines, manufactures, land for sale among purchasers, land and buildings for rental, merchandise, or any other form. Every such investment lends the value invested to some producer and leaves Vanderbilt the net right to some share of the proceeds of the productive process, in compensation for his loan. His railway shares are a loan of rolling stock, cars and track to conductors, engineers, passengers, shippers, brakemen and switchmen, all of whom unite in using this property in a manner to profit themselves, in a higher degree than they could otherwise do, and over and above this profit to themselves, pay a profit to him for its use. So far from any of this portion of his capital being idle, it is rendering the highest and most active service to civilization of which capital is capable.

If we inquire how much of Vanderbilt's fortune is "hoarded," or idle, in the sense of being withdrawn, like the gold in the strong chests of a miser, from actual and constant use by the world, we will find probably that there is no such hoard anywhere. The poor will often hoard specie or bills, because they are afraid of banks, and do not understand investments. The rich have no such motives to hoard. Hence their money is on deposit in banks, and, being in banks, it is of course not in the banks at all, except in legal fiction, but is circulating in your pocket and mine, everywhere. The rich deduct nothing, therefore, from the world's wealth by their hoards of unused money, for they have no such hoards. All they have is in use.

Ostentation, like that of the Vanderbilt ball, distributes wealth, but consumes nothing. A purchase of 100,000 roses at \$2 each merely distributes \$200,000 among those who produce roses. The florists, like most of those who produce luxuries, are poor. The diamond finders of Peru, and the diamond-cutters of Paris are poor. So are the pearl-divers of India, the silk-culturists and silk-weavers, the fur-catchers of the frozen north, the lace-makers, the grape-raisers and even the artists. Hence luxury and ostentation are the chief economic means by which riches may come to the relief of poverty without insulting its self-respect by assuming the offensive airs of charity. When a capitalist builds a marble palace and employs artists for years in decorating it, others in furnishing it, and enters upon a series of ostentatious social entertainments; when he buys costly wines, collects fast horses, fine carriages, many servants and great libraries, he is scattering his wealth in a form which brings it into the hands of immediate consumers about as rapidly as he would do if he sold all and gave to the poor, with the difference that in the latter case the poor would be demoralized and insulted by having "something for nothing" thrust upon them. Fortunately, the deserving poor are also proud. They want a fair chance, not

a free gift—they seek industry and not charity. The money of the ostentatious makes them richer without loss of pride or energy; the money of the charitable paralyzes energy without placing them any nearer to self-support. While ostentation distributes wealth, it is marvelous how little of it it consumes. The wear of a nickel watch for one day consumes more wealth than the wear of a tiara of diamonds for a thousand years. When a pearl necklace is bought no wealth is consumed. Civilization merely sends a small remittance to reward the honest toil of a barbarian diver.

How much, then, can the owner of two hundred millions consume? If he buy a new suit of clothing every day, he must give them away unworn. If he own numerous estates and mansions, he may "board around" among them homelessly, but others must occupy and succeed to them. He consumes less of them than the swallow that builds under their eaves. If he consume costly viands and wines, his consumption performs the function of ostentation by making him a patron of some kind of distant, far-off poor.

Mr. George says, in one of his recent articles in this journal, "Man is not like the ox. He has no fixed standard of satisfaction." Had he used a definite word "consumption" here, in place of the vague word satisfaction, Mr. George's sentence would have revealed by its evident falsehood the fundamental error of his philosophy. For man's capacity of consuming wealth is as fixed, and about as equal, taking man with man throughout the race, as his stature. As he cannot by taking thought add one cubit unto his stature, neither can he by the most studied wastefulness exceed the natural limits on his consumption. Of all over that which he consumes, he is merely the custodian. We do not say that this solves all social questions. But it answers Mr. George's complaint against the alleged injustices of such an inequality in the power of accumulation. What matters it how unequal may be the accumulation if nature limits all men to an essentially equal consumption of wealth?

DECORATION DAY.

WITH each recurring Decoration Day the nation finds fresh cause for satisfaction in the accumulating evidences that the dead who perished in the Civil War did not die in vain, and that the asperities which the terrible conflict provoked are becoming more and more indistinct and unreal. It is but little more than eighteen years since the conflict ended, and yet, as kindly Nature has obliterated its rents and scars from the face of every battlefield, so the scars it made in human hearts and lives have been covered over by growing amity and goodwill, until now the whole land is clasped in fraternal bonds. The Northman decorates with loving hands the grave of the late Confederate, altogether forgetting that twenty years ago they were joined in deadly grapple; the Southron strews with flowers the grave of the unknown foe, whose ashes lie in sacred Confederate ground, remembering only that to-day we are all brothers, citizens of a common country, with one flag and one destiny.

In one sense, the growth of this fraternal temper is more creditable to the South than to the North. It was easy enough for the North, victorious, to forgive; but for the South, defeated and humiliated, to forget her smiting wounds, and clasp in friendship the hand which inflicted them, proves a magnanimity of soul which is far from common, and which may well rouse in us a warm glow of fraternal pride. There are, indeed, qualities of the Southern character of which we have only lately become aware, and among these the wonderful elasticity and recuperating power they so conspicuously displayed must compel the admiration of all right-thinking men. Eighteen years ago an utter ruin, the flower of her manhood destroyed, her people demoralized, her most valuable property suddenly become worthless, her occupation, with her social system, gone, her heart embittered by deadly hatred, the South is to-day reconstructed, reopulated, placated, prosperous, hopeful. The celerity with which the change has been wrought may well surprise the most optimistic of political economists. So lately as 1876 one of her most intelligent writers prophesied that she must needs for a generation grope painfully in the darkness attendant upon seeking new methods of subsistence, often experiencing failure and defeat before success could be attained, and yet in 1883 we find her beyond the danger of either failure or defeat, the problem of subsistence solved by small farms on the one hand and manufactories on the other, and her business prospects upon a firmer basis than they ever were before. Such an experience is wonderful, and without parallel, and it goes far to prove, the oft-repeated story of outrages and wrongs and sectional bitterness to the contrary notwithstanding, how large is the ability, how versatile the genius, how generous the temper of the Southern people.

That the people of the North should appreciate all this, and should show that they do, is in no sense surprising. The North, standing stubbornly as it did for a principle, has never desired the humiliation of the South. It has, on the contrary, rejoiced in every exhibition of prosperity and every evidence of progress in that section; and now that the old antagonisms have disappeared and the people everywhere have set their face, with a common purpose and aspiration, to a new and brighter future, there is no Northern heart, no Northern hand, whence a blessing is not invoked upon the happy reunion of brothers too long estranged.

THE MEETING OF EXTREMES.

THE tendency of opposite poles of thought to meet at last on some common ground finds a singular and very striking illustration in the agreement of Professor Youmans, of the *Popular Science Monthly*, with the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, upon the subject of the higher education of woman. Dr. Dix, in matters religious, is a survival of the Middle Ages, while Professor Youmans belongs to the extreme school of scientific agnosticism; and yet upon one of the most important social questions of the present time these two men find themselves standing side by side. As they look each other in the face there must be signs of wonder and amusement on both sides. With no disparaging intent we are prepared to cry *Par nobile fructum!*

Professor Youmans's sympathy with Dr. Dix is frankly avowed. After extensive citations from the Lenten lectures, he asks, "What is there in them that can be construed as unfavorable to female education?" Nothing, certainly, if by "female education" is meant such instruction as will fit woman for a life of subordination to man, and for the performance of such offices and functions as are supposed to minister to his happiness as a superior being. Dr. Dix desires to see woman intelligent in what he calls their "sphere"; he would educate them in all the arts and amenities of social life; he would have them refined, attractive, charming, and enriched with every form of moral and spiritual excellence. He would fit them for marriage and maternity, and for the oversight of the household. All this is good, but, as Dr. Dix interprets such language, it does not embrace all that woman requires for the successful performance of even her commonest duties.

"In all the talk," says Professor Youmans, "about 'higher education,' and in all the new plans for its extension, it is notorious that home interests find no place. The literature of the woman's movement," he insists, "is saturated with denunciations of the vulgarity, drudgery and slavery of domestic life; and the 'higher education' proposed is not an attempt to ameliorate, redeem and exalt it, but a rebellion against it." Is not the professor a little overheated and unjust at this point? Ought "vulgarity, drudgery and slavery," in any sphere of life, to be exempt from denunciation? Any amelioration of or redemption from them must begin in denunciation; and if the woman's movement is thus saturated, is it not a sign of improvement? The Professor, it seems to us, has missed the point, which is that a thorough education of woman is the best possible remedy for the "vulgarity, drudgery and slavery" complained of, and the surest means of ameliorating and redeeming "domestic life" from whatever tends to degrade it. If he has not found in the literature of the woman's movement this argument urged in every possible form and unceasingly reiterated, he has missed what is most palpable to us. That in the course of some heated discussion, language may sometimes have been used which would seem to justify the professor's criticism, we will not deny; but we are prepared to affirm that the literature spoken of, in many striking passages and in its general tone and purport, exalts the domestic life of woman and the necessity of fitting her for it as of supreme importance. A beautiful home is one of the grandest of human creations; but what beauty of such an institution is not, other things being equal, enhanced in proportion to the intelligence and breadth of intellect and culture of the woman who presides over it?

Of all the fears that ever found a lodgment in the breast of man, none is more idle than that which sets him trembling lest the higher education of woman should unfit her for the duties and responsibilities of domestic life. The love of home, husband and children is so deeply planted in her nature, that nothing can eradicate it. It will grow stronger, purer, sweeter, in proportion as her mental horizon enlarges, and her mind expands with the acquisition of knowledge.

WHERE TO GO.

IT is understood without argument that if you are going somewhere this Summer. Every one takes a vacation. What was formerly considered a luxury for the rich

and their exclusive prerogative is now conceded to be not only a universal right but an absolute physical necessity. Every one needs change. Those who live in the city need the country; those who live in the country look to the city as the Mecca of their fondest hopes; those who live in the mountains long for salt air; those who live at the sea-shore pant for the ozone of the higher altitudes.

Granting that you will take a respite from the regular routine, there are, primarily, two good places to go to—those that you have visited before, and those that you haven't. Just here a nice point is involved: if there is some favorite spot where you are sure of large returns of solid comfort and health for the amount invested, where there is no doubt as to satisfactory results, that is the place to select; if you have grown tired of that which has become familiar, then by all means go in search of pastures new. The continent is broad—and the world is broader. The amount of time and money at one's command for the vacation days must first be settled. After that the where. Already the wealthy are fitting for the season; those of moderate means are consulting guide-books and cash balances, while even the poor workingman and workingwoman are looking forward with eager longing to abbreviated outings of a day now and again at some picnic or some near-by excursion.

For those who can afford it, Europe will be quite the correct thing this year, and already prominent society folk are disappearing across the ocean ferry by the hundreds on every steamer day. The opposite extreme of pleasure travel this Summer for those who are surfeited with trans-Atlantic sight-seeing will be a trip to the great Yellowstone Park, which offers grander attractions in the matter of personal comfort and the facilities of access than ever before. Saratoga and New York will retain their old prestige, with many added glories, while the entire coast line, from Mount Desert to Virginia, will draw its usual quota of visitors. The mountains, too, and the quiet inland resorts, will furnish lungs and life for those who need them. Coney Island, as heretofore, will continue to be the Brighton of America, the most cosmopolitan salt-water breathing-place in the New World. The annual announcement is made that the Jumbo of watering-place hotels at Rockaway is to be opened to the public. Perhaps it will, and should it really unclose its capacious maw its daily menu will consist of thousands of visitors who have heretofore patronized Coney Island.

To those in the social "swim" the Summer is simply a change of Winter's disquisitions to Summer's round of equally exacting gayeties; to those who do not understand the philosophy of rest, the fine art of relaxation, the science of exacting every possible benefit from the days or weeks out of town, there will come only vexation and disgust. To gallop through the country in hot haste, as an Englishman is reputed to "do" the Continent, is not the acme of pleasure to a sensible person, neither is it desirable to stew one's self under the roof of a superheated, mosquito-haunted farmhouse. Only to those who plan wisely as to the where, the when and the how, will the vacation be a real blessing—the benediction of rest on the weary weeks of toil.

THE CORONATION.

THE long-expected pageant at Moscow has at last occurred, and Alexander III. has been crowned as Czar of all the Russias. Nothing was lacking that could add to the impressiveness of the occasion. From the state entry of the monarch into the ancient capital, through the blessing of the imperial banner and all the other accessory ceremonies, to the final pageant of coronation day itself, every gorgeous tradition was strictly observed, and the most elaborate magnificence characterized the entire display. Profuse decorations, imposing processions, splendid banquets, distinguished visitors, regal costumes, combined to render the coronation week a succession of the grandest *fete* days known on the Continent during this generation.

The occasion possessed a unique character in the shadow of a possible disaster which overspread all the ceremonies until the crown had been actually placed upon the Emperor's head and he had returned in safety to his palace. The danger of his assassination, even at the supreme moment, was ever present with the monarch, and the imminence of his peril made the world ready for news of his murder ere the ceremony was complete. Happily, the peril was safely passed. Police precautions, more careful and comprehensive than were ever before seen, availed to save the life of the Czar from the hands of his subjects.

The Emperor and the world draw a sigh of relief that the pageant has passed without a tragedy. And yet the pageant itself was in truth a tragedy, free though it was from the avenging knife or the murderous bomb of the Nihilist. An absolute ruler in dread of his subjects, postponing time and again his coronation for fear that it

might prove his death, consumed with apprehension when the day at last came—was there ever a more melancholy pageant? The Czar has been crowned, but it was a most inauspicious opening of a great monarch's reign.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE coronation at Moscow has overshadowed all other European topics during the past week, and even in England the excitement over the Irish question has subsided to a lower point than for a long while past. The Papal circular, however, continues to provoke discussion. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Biggar have joined other Irish members of Parliament and leaders in the national cause in condemning the pronouncement, and advising the people to continue their contributions to the Parnell fund, despite the Pope's protest against it. Archbishop Croke, who has returned from his visit to Rome, urges the people to submit to the Vatican, but does not conceal his conviction that the Holy Father has made a mistake in the policy which he has adopted. Meanwhile the British Government has taken occasion, through a Ministerial statement in Parliament, to declare that Mr. Errington, who has been charged with securing the issue of the circular, had received no appointment or pay as British Envoy to the Vatican, and that the circular was not issued at the request of the British Government. The relations of France and the Vatican are again under discussion, and it is evident that the Pope is disgusted with the way things have been going, but there is no apparent danger of an immediate rupture. The negotiations between Germany and Rome appear as far as ever from a settlement.

The French grow more aggressive in Madagascar, and have occupied the seaport of Majunga after a bombardment of six hours, in which the natives suffered heavily. It is semi-officially stated in Paris that the object of the French expedition is to obtain the payment of sums due the French Government from Madagascar by holding the custom houses there as security for the amount. If the Hovas continue to resist, France will impose a treaty placing French subjects in Madagascar on the same footing with English subjects. At the same time news comes from Senegal that a French column has succeeded in driving the hostile natives back a distance of sixty kilometers and that tranquillity has been established on the left bank of the Niger.

Further news from the Sudan confirms the report that the rebel forces have been routed. A majority of the native chiefs submitted to the Egyptians, and the Governor is sanguine that the others will follow their example.

The closing of American schools in Bulgaria by the Government is the subject of correspondence between Great Britain and the State Department at Washington, and a joint protest will probably be made.

THE American exhibitors in the International Fisheries Exposition at London appear to have scored a success. The American section elicits universal encomiums, experts and the public conceding that it surpasses all others in historical completeness of arrangement. Englishmen find themselves beaten on ground that they thought was peculiarly their own, admitting American superiority in many kinds of fishing tackle as in other departments where they have not claimed exceptional eminence.

THE mysterious "Number One," Patrick J. Tynan, has the "courage of his convictions." Hearing that his extradition was to be demanded by the British Government, he has authorized his counsel to declare his readiness to appear whenever called for, and there seems to be no doubt that he is fully prepared to meet any charge which may be brought against him. Tynan is living quietly in Brooklyn with his family, and is said to be modest and unassuming in manner, but so intense in his devotion to the cause of Irish independence that he will cheerfully brave any risks in its service.

THE President has again disappointed the politicians. His nomination of Mr. Walter Evans, of Kentucky, as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was wholly unexpected, there having been a dozen other candidates of greater prominence, and with more influential backing. All sorts of reasons are assigned for the selection of a Southern man for this important office; but the true one probably is found in the fact that Mr. Evans is a representative Republican, a leader of his party in his State, and a man of ability and inflexible integrity, who is, moreover, without entanglements of any sort calculated to impair his independence or efficiency. The office is one which especially demands familiarity with business methods and with the principles of law, and it is conceded on all hands that the new Commissioner possesses this essential qualification.

THE disappearance of the asperities which grew out of our Civil War was well illustrated by the reunion at Niagara Falls, last week, of the survivors of the Fifth Virginia Infantry (Stonewall Brigade) and the Twenty-eighth Regiment of New York Volunteers. In the battle of Cedar Mountain, in August, 1862, the Confederates captured a flag from the New Yorkers. This trophy, carefully preserved among others ever since the close of the war, the Virginians determined to restore to the regiment from which it was taken, and this magnanimous decision was carried out at the reunion last week, when the veterans of the two commands, forgetting that they had ever met in hostile array, struck hands in friend-

ship and remembered only that they were citizens of a common country, owing allegiance only to one flag. These reunions are no longer rare occurrences, but they are always welcome as showing the decay of sectional animosities and the steady growth of that sentiment of national brotherhood which is the surest safeguard of public order, as it is the amplest pledge of homogeneity in our future life as a people.

A PERSONAL friend of President Arthur writes to the New Haven *Palladium* denying the reports that the President is scheming to secure a nomination from the National Convention in 1884. "It is no secret whatever," he says, "that the President's health is poor, that he chafes under the wear and tear of his office, and that he looks forward with intense longing to the day of his release from irksome responsibilities. Only a few days ago he said to a very near personal friend, not an office-holder, 'My own ambition is to see the country more prosperous at the close of my administration than it has been in the past, and have that prosperity guaranteed by another Republican successor.' He has repeatedly given his friends to know that under no conceivable circumstances would he again be President." What is here said expresses, no doubt, the real facts as to the President's wishes for the future. There is certainly nothing in his recent course to justify a belief that he is plotting for the succession.

CHICAGO is becoming alarmed at the wave of crime which for some time past has been sweeping over that Western metropolis. Decent people have long known that the criminal classes were constantly growing bolder, and that security of life and property was steadily diminishing; but the extent to which the evil had gone was not fully realized until the recent acquittal and lionizing of Jerry Dunn. Dunn, who has long been one of the worst criminals in the city, killed another rough in the most cold-blooded manner, and yet was acquitted, in the face of overwhelming evidence that he was a murderer. His release from custody was celebrated with effusion by the thieves, blacklegs and cutthroats of the town, and the murderer became so puffed up by the honors paid him that he made himself conspicuous even in respectable places, receiving an "ovation" from his sympathizers in one of the theatres. It is no wonder that pulpit and press are uniting in solemn sermons upon such a spectacle.

GOVERNOR PATTERSON of Pennsylvania has done well in vetoing a Bill recently passed by the Legislature, which authorized married women and their husbands living separate and apart under a deed of separation or mutual agreement to sell and convey their separate real estate free and clear of rights of dower and courtesy and other interests. The Governor points out that the effects of such a law must be to expedite separations between husbands and wives, and, when they have once occurred, to make them perpetual, by removing every material consideration that might invite a resumption of marriage relations when a momentary disagreement had led a couple to part company. The policy of the law should rather be, he holds, to conserve the marriage relation, and such restraints upon alienation of the wife as now exists should be fully maintained. In these days of easy divorces and loosening marriage ties it is encouraging to find an Executive laying down such good, old-fashioned doctrines as Governor Patterson embodies in this message.

THERE are signs of revolt among many of the Virginia Republicans who have hitherto acquiesced in the fusion with the Readjusters under the leadership of Mahone. The arbitrary methods employed by the Readjuster Chief in furtherance of his schemes, his unscrupulous use of Federal patronage, and his wholesale imposition of political assessments, have awakened a feeling of indignation which may result in the early disruption of the alliance by which he has so far been enabled to maintain his supremacy in the politics of the State. It is certainly high time that he should be dethroned. The spectacle of the people of a great State like Virginia submitting to the rule of a man who makes politics a matter of merchandise, and makes the repudiation of honest obligations the cardinal feature of his policy, is one which the country cannot contemplate with anything short of abhorrence, and the sooner those concerned arouse to a proper sense of their responsibility and send Mahone and his lieutenants to the rear the easier will be the recovery from the mischief they have wrought.

In the church, as in the sphere of politics, sectional lines are being rapidly obliterated. A striking proof of this fact has just been furnished by the fraternal temper displayed towards each other by the two great branches of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. Like other communions, this denomination was split asunder by the slavery wedge, and a root of bitterness has remained ever since which the wise men of the two Assemblies have found it difficult to extirpate. The hot-heads have met propositions for a reunion with a demand for sweeping apologies, with appeals to old animosities, and have thrown obstacles of every sort in the way, but their influence is evidently waning with the lapse of years. The Northern Assembly has just held its annual session at Saratoga, N. Y., and the Southern at Lexington, Ky., and the cordial greetings exchanged, as well as the hearty reception paid by each body to the delegates sent from the other showed the existence of a strong feeling in favor of closing the ancient breach, and left little doubt that the denomination will again be one in the early future.

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

BY HENRY GEORGE.

VIII.

THAT WE ALL MIGHT BE RICH.

THE terms rich and poor are of course frequently used in a comparative sense. Among Irish peasants, kept on the verge of starvation by the tribute wrung from them to maintain the luxury of absentee landlords in London or Paris, "the woman of three cows" will be looked on as rich, while in the society of millionaires a man with only \$500,000 will be regarded as poor. But when people say we cannot all be rich, or when they say that we must always have the poor with us, they do not use the words in this comparative sense. They mean by the rich those who have enough, or more than enough, wealth to gratify all reasonable wants, and by the poor those who have not.

Now, using the word in this sense, I join issue with those who say that we cannot all be rich; with those who declare that in human society the poor must always exist. I do not, of course, mean that we all might have an array of servants; that we all might outshine each other in dress, in equipage, in the lavishness of our balls or dinners, in the magnificence of our houses. That would be a contradiction in terms. What I mean is, that we all might have leisure, comfort and abundance, not merely of the necessities, but even of what are now esteemed the elegancies and luxuries of life. I do not mean to say that absolute equality could be had, or would be desirable. I do not mean to say that we could all have or would want the same quantity of all the different forms of wealth. But I do mean to say that we might all have enough; that we might all have so much of all the material things we now struggle for, that no one would want to rob or swindle his neighbor; that no one would worry all day, or lie awake at nights, fearing he might be brought to poverty, or thinking how he might acquire wealth.

Does this seem a utopian dream? What would people of fifty years ago have thought of one who would have told them that it was possible to sew by steam-power; to cross the Atlantic in six days, or the continent in three; to have a message sent from London at noon delivered in Boston three hours before noon; to hear in New York the voice of a man talking in Chicago?

Did you ever see a pail of swill given to a pen of hungry hogs? That is human society as it is.

Did you ever see a large company of well-bred and well-dressed men and women sitting down to a good dinner? That is human society as it might be.

We are so accustomed to poverty that even in the most advanced countries we regard it as the natural lot of the great masses of the people; that we take it as a matter of course that even in our highest civilization large classes should want the necessities of healthful life, and the vast majority should only get a poor and pinched living by the hardest toil. Professors of political economy teach that this condition of things is the result of social laws of which it is idle to complain! Ministers of religion preach that this is the condition which an all-wise, all-powerful Creator intended for his children! If an architect were to build a theatre so that not more than one tenth of the audience could see and hear, we would call him a bungler and a botch. If a man were to give a feast and provide so little food that nine-tenths of his guests must go away hungry, we would call him a fool, or worse. Yet so accustomed are we to poverty, that even the preachers of what passes for Christianity tell us that the great Architect of the Universe, to whose infinite skill all nature testifies, has made such a botch job of this world that the great majority of the human creatures whom he has called into it are condemned by the conditions he has imposed to want, suffering and brutalizing toil which gives no opportunity for the development of mental powers—must pass their lives in a hard struggle to merely live!

Yet who can look about him without seeing that to whatever cause poverty may be due, it is not due to the niggardliness of nature; without seeing that it is blindness or blasphemy to assume that the Creator has condemned the masses of men to hard toil for a bare living?

If some men have not enough, is it not because others have far more than enough? If there is not wealth sufficient to go around, giving every one abundance, is it because we have reached the limit of the production of wealth? Is our land all in use? Is our labor all employed? Is our capital all utilized? On the contrary, in whatever direction we look we see the most stupendous waste of productive forces—of productive forces so great that were they permitted to freely play the production of wealth would be so enormous that there would be more than enough for all. What branch of production is there in which the limit of production has been reached? What single article of wealth is there of which we could not have enormously more?

If the mass of the population of New York are jammed into the fever-breeding rooms of tenement-houses, it is not because there are not vacant lots enough in and around New York to give each family space for a separate home. If settlers are going into Montana and Dakota and Manitoba, it is not because there are not vast areas of untilled land much nearer the centres of population. If farmers are paying one-fourth, one third, or even one-half their crops for the privilege of getting land to cultivate, it is not because there is not, even in our oldest States, great quantities of land which no one is cultivating.

(Continued on page 229.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is reported to be entirely recovered from his recent illness.

THE municipal elections in Virginia last week are reported to show a diminished coalition vote.

THE Democratic State Convention of Maryland has been called for September 19th at Baltimore.

EIGHTEEN persons were killed by the blowing up of the steamer *Philadelpia* near Lakeville, Cal., on May 25th.

THE annual parade of the Brooklyn Sunday-school Union took place last week, 50,000 children being in line.

INTELLIGENCE has been received at the State Department of the signing of the treaty of peace between Chili and Peru.

MR. JOHN JAY has been appointed a member of the New York State Civil Service Commission, in place of Mr. Andrew D. White, declined.

THE arguments in the Star Route trial are not yet concluded. Mr. Ingersoll occupied several days last week in his argument for the defense.

THE Republicans of Kentucky have nominated Thomas J. Morrow for Governor. Their candidate for Attorney-general is Lewis C. Garrigue, an ex-Confederate.

LORD LORNE, in proroguing the Dominion Parliament, on May 25th, congratulated the country on its prosperity, and thanked the members for their courteous address upon his retirement.

A CHINESE Consulate will be opened in New York city on the 10th of June, with Ou Yang Ming, a gentleman of experience in diplomatic affairs, to superintend the business of the office.

THE Trustees of Williams College have received \$50,000 from A. D. German, of Albany, to found a professorship of natural theology in memory of his deceased son, who was a student in Williams College.

A CONVENTION of undertakers, held in Philadelphia last week, discussed the subject of cremation, and the fear was expressed that the feeling in its favor, now rapidly growing, might in a few years cause a complete revolution in their business.

AN incident attending the observance of the Confederate "memorial day" in Richmond, Va., on the 23d instant, was the presentation by Phil Kearny Post, No. 10, G. A. R., of a magnificent floral monument, to be placed upon the grave of General George E. Pickett.

DISPATCHES from Mexican sources state that General Crook has found the hostile Apaches in an entrenched position in the Sierra Madre in Sonora. His advanced scouts were repulsed. In a general advance Crook's forces killed thirty Indians. The remaining bucks broke and fled, and Crook at once pursued them.

At the annual examination of the Carlisle (Pa.) Indian Training School, last week, great proficiency was manifested by the children in their various studies. The Carlisle School now contains 307 pupils, 240 boys and 127 girls. Seventy children have been placed on farms for the summer, and application has been made for forty-three more.

It is said that a general strike of the iron-workers of the Northwest will take place on June 1st, owing to the proposed 20 per cent reduction in wages. In St. Clair County, Illinois, the striking coal miners have paraded the streets in hundreds, armed with clubs, and have assailed and driven away non-strikers. Troops have been sent to the scene of disorder.

In the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, which met at Pittsburgh last week, the organization was secured by the progressive element. The moderator-elect favored instrumental music in the church music, and the prejudice against that particular form of service, which has so long distinguished this Church, is likely soon to be effectually broken down.

THE Board of Foreign Missions reported to the Presbyterian General Assembly, at Saratoga, last week, that its receipts last year were \$656,237, and its expenditures \$669,620. The year's income represents the offerings of 4,252 churches, the largest number ever reported. The Board has in charge 159 American and 92 native ordained missionaries, besides 133 native licentiates; lay missionaries, 21 male and 265 female Americans, and 255 natives of both sexes.

STORMS of almost unprecedented severity swept over the Western States last week, inflicting serious loss of life and property. In Illinois some fifteen towns were visited; at Racine, Wis., 150 buildings were demolished and sixteen persons killed; at Deadwood, S. D., seventy houses were swept away by the floods caused by heavy rains, while on May 20th, Lake Michigan was ravaged by a gale which inflicted great damage to vessels. The storms were followed by cold weather, frosts and snow in Missouri, Iowa, Indiana, Virginia and other States, causing great injury to the crops.

Foreign.

THE Queen's birthday, the 24th of May, was observed throughout Canada with the usual honors.

THE Arctic exploring vessel *Sophia*, with Professor Nordenskjöld and other scientists on board, has sailed from Gothenburg for Greenland.

THE King of Portugal visited King Alfonso at Madrid last week, and was received with marked attentions, fourteen thousand troops parading in his honor.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has issued a decree ordering that the 10th and 11th days of next November be observed throughout Germany as the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther.

EDOUARD RENÉ LEFEBVRE LABOULAYE, the French jurist, died on the 25th of May, aged seventy-one. Philippe Francois Theodore Heuschling, the Belgian writer on political economy, is also deceased.

A CORRESPONDENT at Rome says that the Pope is satisfied with the result of his circular to the Irish bishops, and that he expected it would be received with more opposition than has been shown to it.

A PARIS dispatch says there is no fear of a collision between Henry M. Stanley and M. de Brazza on the Congo, the former having evacuated certain positions which he had occupied under the impression that they were outside of Makoko's territory.

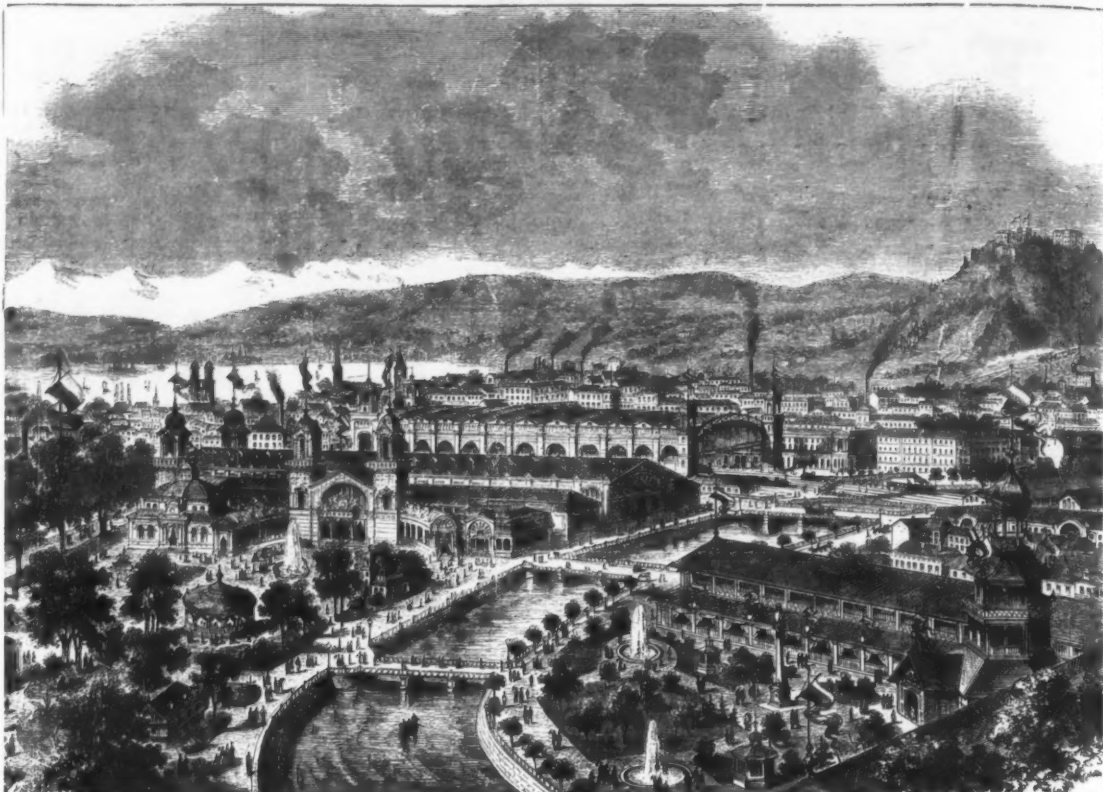
THE latest intelligence from Ecuador is to the effect that the Dictator Veintimilla has plundered a private bank of \$320,000, and that he was supposed to be preparing to leave the country, after making a show of defending Quayaquil, which had been attacked by the regular troops.

CUBA is suffering from a drought, and at some points a demijohn of drinking water sells at the rate of fifteen cents. At Puerto Principe the absence of rain inflicts immense damage on the adjacent pastures, and fears are entertained that numbers of cattle will perish for lack of food and water.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 235.



ITALY.—MONUMENT TO VINCENZO BELLINI, THE COMPOSER, ERECTED AT CATANIA.



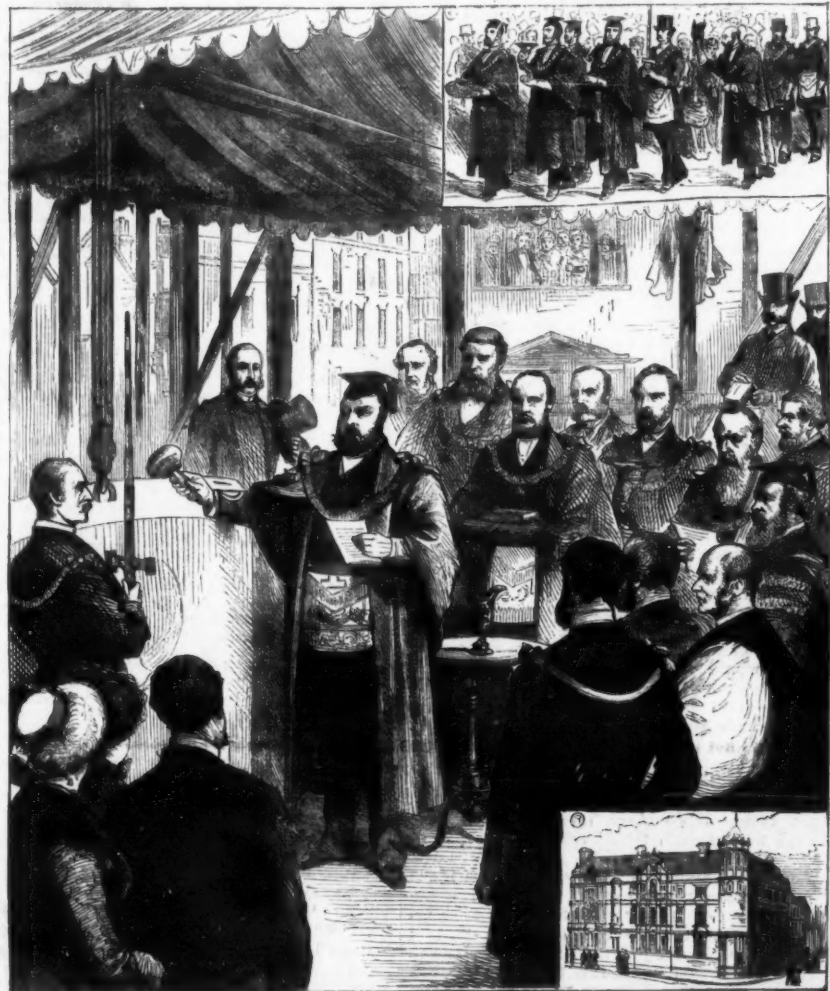
SWITZERLAND.—OPENING OF THE NATIONAL EXPOSITION AT ZURICH, MAY 1ST.



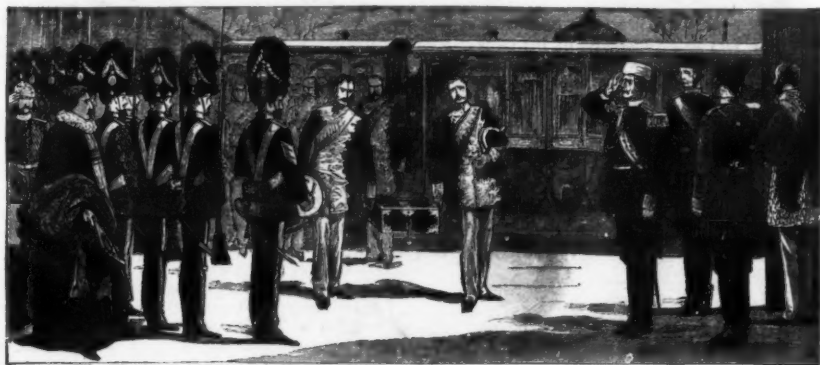
IRELAND.—A PARISH PRIEST ADDRESSING A FAMILY OF EMIGRANTS SENT OUT FROM BELMULLET BY STATE AID.



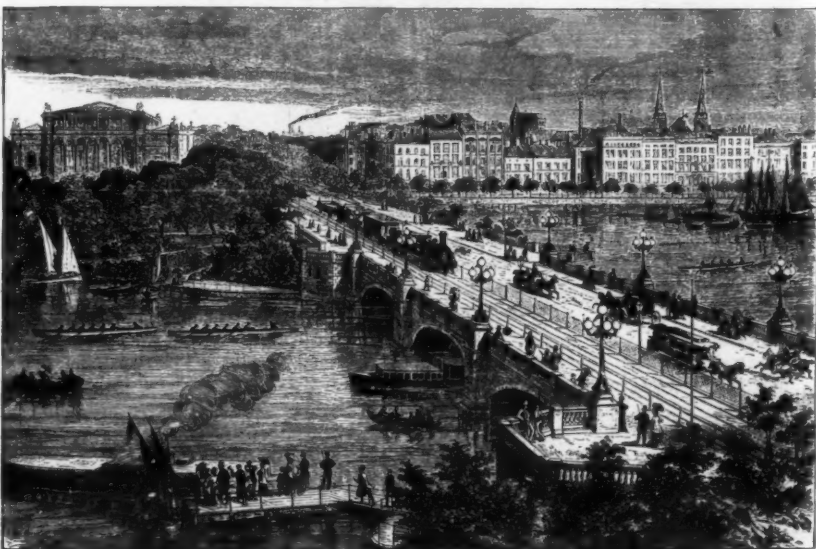
RUSSIA.—CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, IN MOSCOW, WHERE THE CZARS ARE CROWNED.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE MEMORIAL STONE OF THE INDIAN INSTITUTE AT OXFORD.



RUSSIA.—THE CZAR'S CORONATION—RECEPTION OF THE IMPERIAL REGALIA AT MOSCOW.



GERMANY.—THE LOMBARDS BRIDGE IN HAMBURG.

GENERAL CROOK'S APACHE CAMPAIGN.



GENERAL GEORGE H. CROOK.

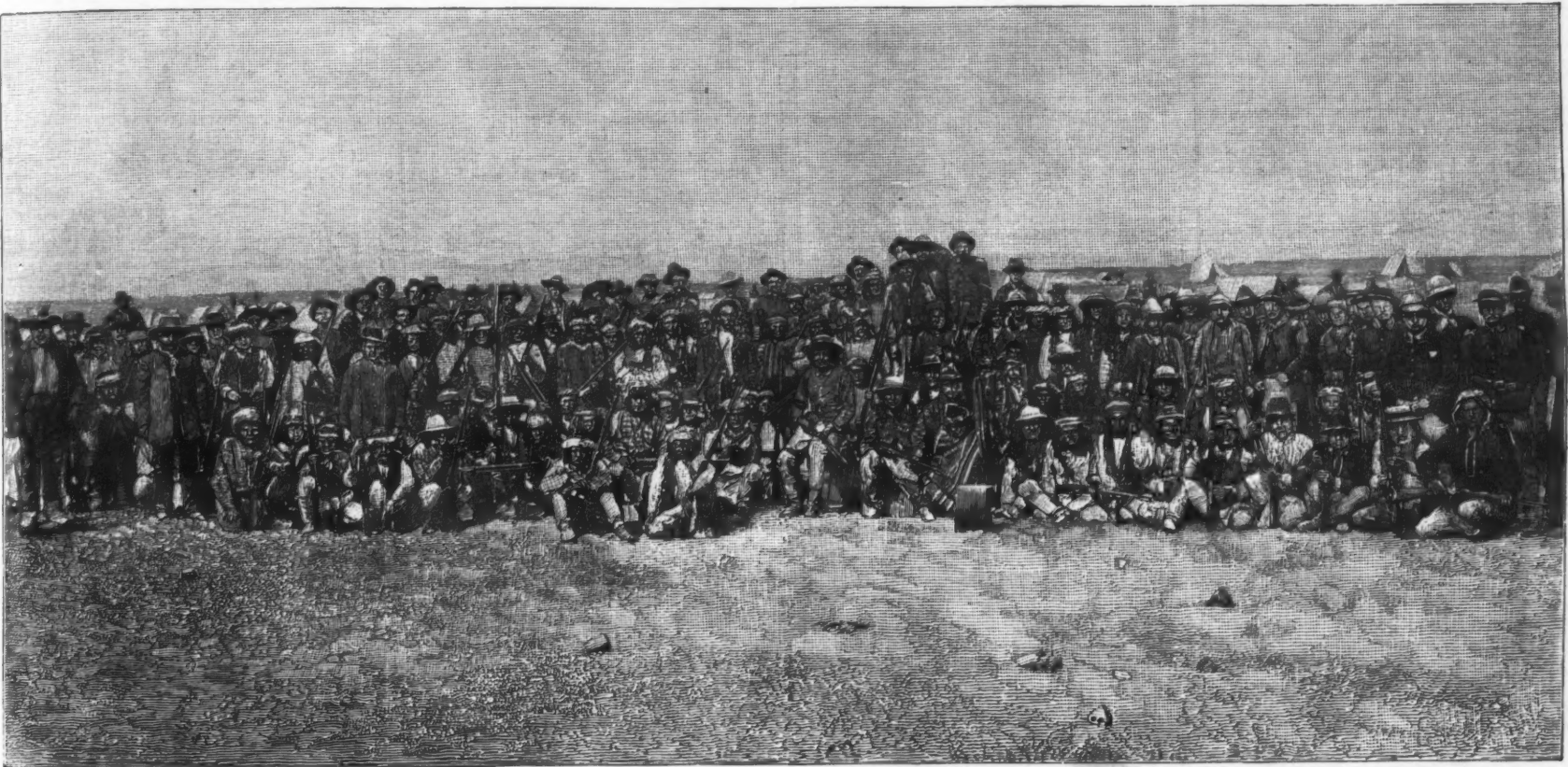
THE raid of General Crook into Mexican territory in pursuit of the hostile Apaches is one of the most interesting experiments ever tried in our long warfare with the savages. Never before did a commander start on such an expedition, relying so largely upon Indian warriors and trusting so implicitly to Indian fidelity. General Crook's force consists of only about 300 men in all, and of these no less than 200 are Apache scouts, but a third of his little army being whites. The gallant general set out on his perilous march into the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre Mountains, where the stronghold of the Apaches is situated, some 200 miles south of the Arizona line, with an Apache as guide. This Indian was a member of the band of Juh, the chief leader of the hostiles, and had been sent by him to the San Carlos Agency in Arizona to persuade the young warriors to go on the war-path, but was captured, and to save himself agreed to lead Crook in pursuit of his late comrades. The Indian scouts who compose the bulk of the little army are wonderfully active men, who are described as possessing "vision as keen as a hawk's, tread as untiring and as stealthy as the panther's and ears so sensitive that nothing escapes them." Rather under the average size, their chests are broad, deep and full; shoulders perfectly straight, limbs well proportioned, straight and muscular, without a suggestion of undue heaviness. These scouts will march thirty-five and forty miles in a day on foot, crossing wide stretches of waterless plains upon which a tropical sun beats down with fierceness, or climbing up the faces of precipitous mountains, which stretch across this region in every direction. The two great points of superiority of the native or savage soldier over the representative of civilized discipline are his absolute knowledge of the country and his perfect ability to take care of himself at all times and under all circumstances. The policy of Great Britain has always been to enlist a force of auxiliaries from among the people of the countries that have fallen under her sway. The Government of the United States, on the contrary, has persistently ignored the really excellent material ready at hand which could with scarcely an effort be mobilized and made to serve as a frontier police. General Crook is said to be the only officer of the army who has recognized the incalculable value of a native contingent, and if his present experiment is crowned with success, he will add to the fame which he has already won as an Indian fighter. Meanwhile, however, the keenest anxiety is felt for the fate of the brave general, and there will be general interest in the sketches elsewhere presented of the commander, his guide and the force with which he set out on his expedition.

MEMORIES OF DECORATION DAY.

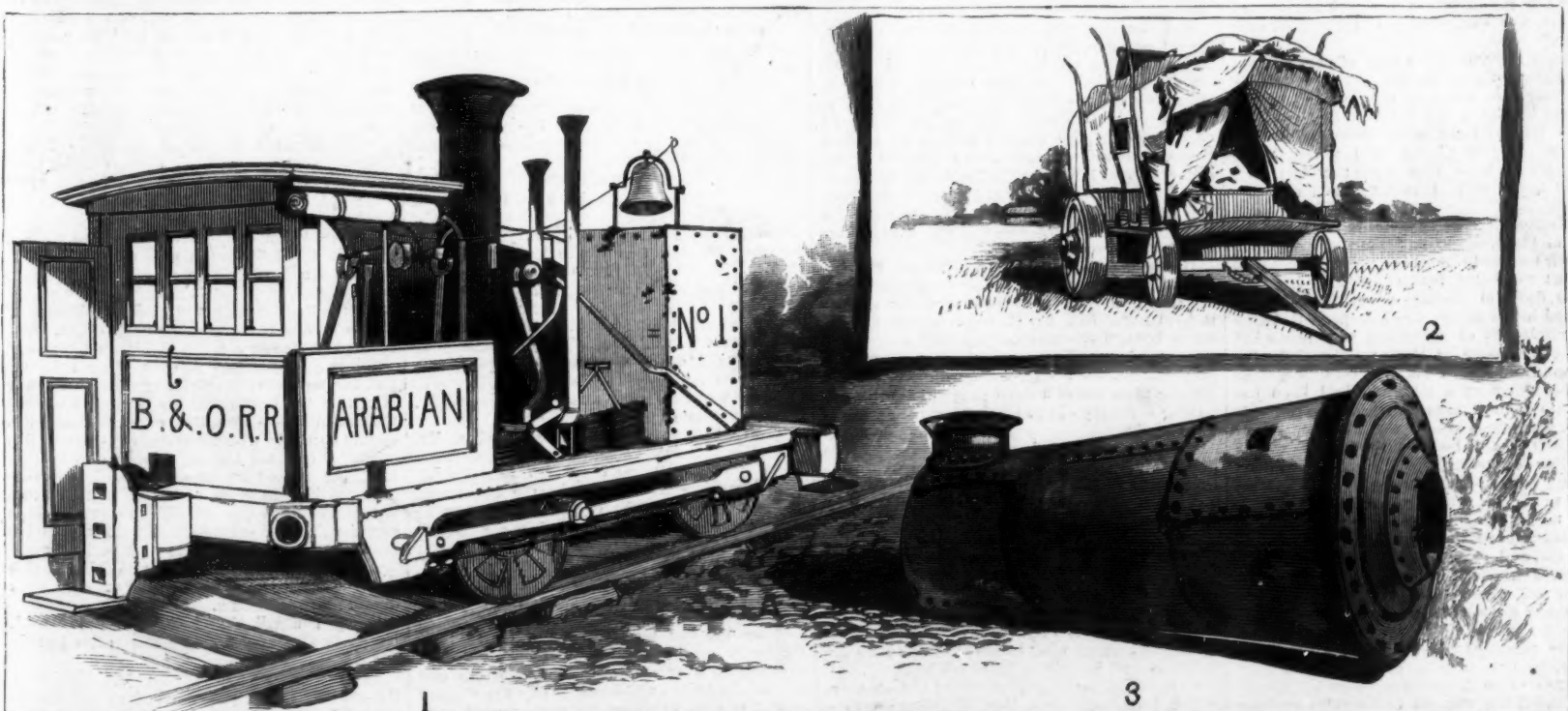
"O H, for the touch of a vanished hand!" How sadly this thought beats in the heart as that day draws near when with roses we decorate the graves of the Blue, with lilies the graves of the Gray. The years march swiftly and silently by. The boy who, twenty years ago, listened breathlessly to the distant roar of cannon, and whose first heartbreak was the tidings of the death of his father, brother, or kinsman, is now a man. The girl who clung to the knee of her agonized mother as the dread news came from the tented field, is now a woman. The wife, whose life was then abloom



GENERAL CROOK'S APACHE GUIDE.



GENERAL CROOK'S APACHE CAMPAIGN.—CROOK'S COMMAND OF WHITE MOUNTAIN APACHE SCOUTS AND CAVALRYMEN, NOW IN PURSUIT OF THE APACHES IN MEXICO. FROM A PHOTO. BY CHAS. S. BAKER, TAKEN AT WILCOX, ARIZONA, APRIL 22D.



1. The Locomotive "Arabian," No. 1. 2. A "Prairie Schooner." 3. The boiler of the "Stroudbridge Lion," all that remains of the first Locomotive run in America.

ILLINOIS.—THE NATIONAL EXPOSITION OF RAILWAY APPLIANCES AT CHICAGO.—SOME OF THE TYPICAL EXHIBITS.—FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK YEAGER.—SEE PAGE 241.

with hope and joy, a widow now for twenty years, is growing gray with age. And young men and young women stand by honored graves, and silent tears well up and drop upon the wreaths that give forth sweet perfume—wreaths fresh as the love for the dead, fragrant as the memories of the dead, full of color as the busy thoughts of the dead. Over the hill come trooping children, this Mayday, leavened with a nameless sorrow, unrealized as yet; but, in the fullness of time, their hearts will beat with pride as they bring their little ones to the grave of the brave man who died fighting "for the cause." Bright blossoms bloom for the brave, who, under the sod and the dew, wait the judgment day—the trump of the "Great Parade." Laurels and willows, roses and lilies, for the graves of the Blue and the Gray. The sunshine glides the daisy-dappled grass; the songs of birds fill the air with melody. May is laughing with her handmaidens, the flowers, and on such a time it is sweet and gracious to pay tribute to our gallant dead, to unveil a chastened sorrow, to decorate the last resting-place of our heroes.

HAND AND RING.

[Copyright.]

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES," "THE DEFENSE OF THE BRIDE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK I.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM TOLEDO.

CHAPTER IX.—CLOSE CALCULATIONS.

Truth alone, truth tangible and palpable; such truth as may be weighed and measured; truth deduced by logical conclusion—close, severe—from premises incontrovertible. —MOULTRIE.

THE excitement induced by the foregoing announcement had, in a degree, subsided. The coroner, who appeared to be as much startled as any one at the result of the day's proceedings, had manifested his desire of putting certain questions to the young man, and had begun by direct inquiries into his antecedents, and his connection with Mrs. Clemmens, that elicited the most complete corroboration of all Miss Firman's statements.

An investigation into his motives for coming East at this time next followed, in the course of which he acknowledged that he undertook the journey solely for the purpose of seeing Mrs. Clemmens. And when asked why he wished to see her at this time, admitted, with some manifestation of shame, that he desired to see for himself whether she were really in as strong and healthy a condition as he had always been told; his pecuniary embarrassments being such that he could not prevent his mind from dwelling upon possibilities which, under any other circumstances, he would have been ashamed to consider.

"And did you see Mrs. Clemmens?" the coroner inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"On Tuesday, sir; about noon."

The answer was given almost with bravado, and the silence among the various auditors became intense.

"You admit, then, that you were in the widow's house the morning she was murdered, and that you had an interview with her a few minutes before the fatal blow was struck?"

"I do."

There was doggedness in the tone, and doggedness in the look that accompanied it. The coroner moved a little forward in his chair and uttered his next questions with deep gravity.

"Did you approach the widow's house by the road and enter into it by means of the front door overlooking the lane?"

"I did."

"And did you meet no one in the lane, or see no one at the windows of any of the houses as you came by?"

"No, sir."

"How long did you stay in this house, and what was the result of the interview which you had with Mrs. Clemmens?"

"I staid, perhaps, ten minutes, and I learned nothing from Mrs. Clemmens, save that she was well and hearty, and likely to live out her threescore years and ten for all hint that her conversation or appearance gave me."

He spoke almost with a tone of resentment; his eyes glowed darkly, and a thrill of horror sped through the room as if they felt that the murderer himself stood before them.

"You will tell me what was said in this interview, if you please, and whether the widow knew who you were; and, if so, whether any words of anger passed between you?"

The face of the young man burned, and he looked at the coroner and then at the jury-men, as if he would like to challenge the whole crew, but the color that showed in his face was the flush of shame, or, so thought Mr. Byrd, and in his reply, when he gave it, there was a bitterness of self-scorn that reminded the detective more of the mortification of a gentleman caught in an act of meanness than the secret alarm of a man who had been beguiled into committing a dastardly crime.

"Mrs. Clemmens was evidently a woman of some spirit," said he, forcing out his words with sullen desperation. "She may have used sharp language; I believe indeed she did; but she did not know who I was, for—I pretended to be a seller of patent medicine, warranted to cure all ills, and she told me she had no ills, and—Do you want a man to disgrace himself in your presence?" he suddenly flashed out, cringing under the gaze of the many curious and unsympathetic eyes fixed upon him.

But the coroner, with a sudden assumption of severity, pardonable, perhaps, in a man with a case of such importance on his hands, recommended the witness to be calm and not to allow any small feelings of personal mortification to interfere with a testimony of so much evident value. And without waiting for the witness to recover himself, asked again:

"What did the widow say, and with what words did you leave?"

"The widow said she abominated drugs, and never took them. I replied that she made a great mistake, if she had any ailments. Upon which she retorted that she had no ailments, and politely showed me the door. I do not remember that anything else passed between us."

His tone, which had been shrill and high, dropped at the final sentence, and by the nervous workings of his lips, Mr. Byrd perceived that he dreaded the next question. The persons grouped around him evidently dreaded it too.

But it was less searching than they expected, and proved that the coroner preferred to approach his point by circuitous rather than direct means.

"In what room was this conversation held, and by what door did you come in and go out?"

"I came in by the front door, and we stood in that room"—pointing to the sitting room from which he had just issued.

"Stood! Did you not sit down?"

"No."

"Stood all the time and in that room to which you have just pointed?"

"Yes."

The coroner drew a deep breath, and looked at the witness long and searchingly. Mr. Hildreth's way of uttering this word had been anything but pleasant, and consequently anything but satisfactory. A low murmur began to eddy through the rooms.

"Gentlemen, silence!" commanded the coroner, venting in this injunction some of the uncomfortable emotion with which he was evidently surcharged; for his next words were spoken in a comparatively quiet voice, though the fixed severity of his eye could have given the witness but little encouragement.

"You say," he declared, "that in coming through the lane you encountered no one. Was this equally true of your return?"

"Yes, sir; I believe so. I don't remember. I was not looking up," was the slightly confused reply.

"You passed, however, through the lane, and entered the main street by the usual path?"

"Yes."

"And where did you go then?"

"To the depot."

"Ah!"

"I wished to leave the town. I had done with it."

"And did you do so, Mr. Hildreth?"

"I did."

"Where did you go?"

"To Albany, where I had left my traps."

"You took the noon train, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which leaves precisely five minutes after twelve?"

"I suppose so."

"Took it without stopping anywhere on the way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you buy a ticket at the office?"

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"I did not have time."

"Ah, the train was at the station, then?"

Mr. Hildreth did not reply; he had evidently been driven almost to the end of his patience, or possibly of his courage, by this quick fire of small questions.

The coroner saw this and pressed his advantage.

"Was the train at the station or not when you arrived there, Mr. Hildreth?"

"I do not see why it can interest you to know," the witness retorted, with a flash of somewhat natural anger; "but since you insist, I will tell you that it was just going out, and that I had to run to reach it and only got a foothold upon the platform of the rear car at the risk of my life."

He looked as if he wished it had been at the cost of his life, and compressed his lips and moved restlessly from side to side as if the battery of eyes leveled upon his face were so many points of red hot steel burning into his brain.

But the coroner, intent upon his duty, released not one jot of the steady hold he had taken upon his victim.

"Mr. Hildreth," said he, "your position as the only person who acknowledges himself to have been in this house during the half-hour that preceded the assault makes everything you can tell us in reference to your visit of the highest importance. Was the widow alone, do you think, or did you see anything—pause now and consider well—anything that would lead you to suppose there was any one besides her and yourself in the house?"

It was the suggestion of a just man, and Mr. Byrd looked to see the witness grasp with all the energy of despair at the prospect of release it held out. But Mr. Hildreth either felt his cause beyond the reach of any such assistance, or his understanding was so dulled by misery he could not see the advantage of acknowledging the presence of a third party in the cottage. Giving a dreary shake of the head, he slowly answered:

"There may have been somebody else in the house, I don't know; but if so, I didn't hear him or see him. I thought we were alone."

The frankness with which he made the admission was in his favor, but the quick and overpowering flush that rose to his face the moment he had given utterance to it, betrayed so unmistakable a consciousness of what the admission implied that the effect was immediately reversed. Seeing that he had lost rather than gained in the opinions of the merciless inquisitors about him, he went back to his old bravado, and haughtily lifted his head.

"One question more," resumed the coroner. "You have said that Mrs. Clemmens was a spirited woman. Now, what made you think so? Any expression of annoyance on her part at the interruption in her work which your errand had caused her, or merely the expression

of her face and the general way she had of speaking?"

"The latter, I think, though she did use a harsh word or two when she showed me the door."

"And raise her voice?"

"Yes, yes."

"Mr. Hildreth," asked the coroner, rising, "will you be kind enough to step with me into the adjoining room?"

With a look of wonder not unmixed with alarm, the young man prepared to comply.

"I should like the attention of the jury," signified the coroner, looking back as he passed through the door.

There was no need to give them this hint. Not a man of them but was already on his feet in eager curiosity as to what their presiding officer was about to do.

"I wish you to tell me now," the coroner demanded of Mr. Hildreth, as they paused in the centre of the sitting-room, "where it was you stood during your interview with Mrs. Clemmens, and, if possible, take the very position now which you held at that time."

"There are too many persons here," the witness objected, visibly rebelling at a request of which he could not guess the full significance.

"The people present will step back," declared the coroner; "you will have no trouble in taking your stand on the spot you occupied the other day."

"Here, then!" exclaimed the young man, taking a position near the centre of the room.

"And the widow?"

"Stood there."

"Facing you?"

"Yes."

"I see," intimated the coroner, pointing towards the windows. "Her back was to the yard while you stood with your face towards it." Then with a quick motion summoning the witness back into the other room, asked, amid the breathless attention of the crowd, whom this bit of by-play had wrought up to expectation: "Did you observe any one go around to the back door while you stood there and go away again without attempting to knock?"

Mr. Hildreth knitted his brow and seemed to think.

"Answer," persisted the coroner; "it is not a question that requires thought."

"Well then, I did not," cries the witness, looking the other directly in the eye, with the first gleam of real manly feeling which he had yet displayed.

"You did not see a tramp come into the yard, walk around to the kitchen door, wait a moment as if hesitating whether he would rap and then turn and come back again without doing so?"

"No, sir."

The coroner drew a piece of paper before him and began figuring on it. Earnestly, almost wildly, the young man watched him, drawing a deep breath and turning quite pale as the other paused and looked up.

"Yet," said the coroner, as if no delay had occurred since he received his last answer, "such a person did approach the house while you were in it, and if you had stood where you say, you must have seen him."

It was a vital thrust, a relentless presentation of fact, and as such shook the witness out of his lately acquired composure. Glancing hastily about, he sought the assistance of some one both capable and willing to advise him in this crisis, but seeing no one, he made a vigorous effort and called together his own faculties.

"Sir," protested he, a tremor of undisciplined anxiety finding way into his voice, "I do not see how you make that all out. What proof have you that this tramp of which you speak came to the house while I was in it? Could he not have come before? Or, what was better, could he not have come after?"

The ringing tone with which the last question was put startled everybody. No such sounds had issued from his lips before. Had he caught a glimpse of hope or was he driven to an extremity in his defense that forced him to assert himself. The eyes of Miss Firman and of a few other women began to soften, and even the face of Mr. Byrd betrayed that a change was on the verge of taking place in his feelings.

But the coroner's look and tone dashed cold water on this young and tender growth of sympathy. Passing over to the witness the paper on which he had been scribbling, he explained with dry significance:

"It is only a matter of subtraction and addition, Mr. Hildreth. You have said that upon quitting this house you went directly to the depot, where you arrived barely in time to jump on the train as it was leaving the station. Now, to walk from this place to the depot at any pace you would be likely to use, would occupy—well, let us say seven minutes. At two minutes before twelve, then, you were still in this house. Well!" he ejaculated, interrupting himself as the other opened his lips, "have you anything to say?"

"No," was the dejected and hesitating reply.

The coroner at once resumed:

"But at five minutes before twelve, Mr. Hildreth, the tramp walked into the widow's yard. Now, allowing only two minutes for your interview with that lady, the conclusion remains that you were in the house when he came up to it. Yet you declare that, although you stood in full view of the yard, you did not see him."

"You figure closer than an astronomer calculating an eclipse," burst from the young man's lips in a flash of that resolution which had for the last few minutes animated him. "How do you know your witnesses have been so exact to a second when they say this and that of the goings and comings you are pleased to put into an arithmetical problem. A minute or two one way or the other would make a sad discrepancy in your calculations, Mr. Coroner."

"I know it," said Dr. Tredwell, quietly ig-

noring the other's heat; "but if the jury will remember, there were four witnesses, at least, who testified to the striking of the town clock just as the tramp finally issued from the lane, and one witness, of well-known accuracy in matters of detail, who declared on oath that she had just dropped her eyes from that same clock when she observed the tramp go into the widow's gate, and that it was five minutes to twelve exactly. But, lest I do seem too nice in my calculations," the coroner inexorably pursued, "I will take the trouble of putting it another way. At what time did you leave the hotel, Mr. Hildreth?"

"I don't know," was the testy response.

"Well, I can tell you," said the coroner. "It was about twenty minutes to twelve, or possibly earlier, but no later. My reason for saying this," he went on, drawing once more before him the fatal sheet of paper, "is that Mrs. Dayton's children next door were out playing in front of this house for some few minutes previous to the time the tramp came into the lane. As you did not see them you must have arrived here before they began their game, and that, at the least calculation, would make the time as early as a quarter to twelve."

"Well," the fierce looks of the other seemed to say, "and what if it was?"

"Mr. Hildreth," continued the coroner, "if you were in this house at a quarter to twelve and did not leave it till two minutes before, and the interview was as you say a mere interchange of a dozen words or so, that could not possibly have occupied more than three minutes; where were you during all the rest of the time that must have elapsed after you finished your interview and the moment you left the house?"

It was a knock-down question. This aristocratic-looking young gentleman who had hitherto held himself up before them, notwithstanding the humiliating nature of the inquiries which had been propounded to him, cringed visibly and bowed his head as if a stroke of vital force had descended upon it. Bringing his fist down on the table near which he stood, he seemed to utter a muttered curse, while the veins swelled on his forehead so powerfully that more than one person present dropped their eyes from a spectacle which bore so distinctly the stamp of guilt.

"You have not answered," intimated the coroner, after a moment of silent waiting.

"No," was the loud reply, uttered with a force that startled all present, and made the more timid gaze with some apprehension at his suddenly antagonistic attitude. "It is not pleasant for a gentleman"—he emphasized the word bitterly—"for a gentleman to acknowledge himself caught at a time like this in a decided equivocation. But you have cornered me fairly and squarely, and I am bound to tell the truth. Gentlemen, I did not leave the widow's house as immediately as I said. I staid for fully five minutes or so alone in the small hall that leads to the front door. In all probability I was there when the tramp passed by on his way to the kitchen-door, and there when he came back again." And Mr. Hildreth fixed his eyes on the coroner as if he dared him to push him further.

But Dr. Tredwell had been in his present seat before. Merely confronting the other with that cold official gaze which seems to act like a wall of ice between a witness and the coroner, he said the two words: "What doing?"

The effect was satisfactory. Paling suddenly, Mr. Hildreth dropped his eyes and said most humbly, though with equal laconism, "I was thinking." But scarcely had the words left his lips, than a fresh flame of feeling started up within him, and looking from juryman to juryman he passionately exclaimed: "You consider that acknowledgment suspicious. You wonder why a man should give a few minutes to thought after the conclusion of an interview that terminated all hope. I wonder at it now myself. I wonder I did not go straight out of the house and rush headlong into any danger that promised an immediate extinction of my life."

No language could have more forcibly betrayed the real desperation of his mind at the critical moment when the widow's life hung in the balance. He saw this, perhaps, when it was too late, for the sweat started on his brow and he drew himself up like a man nursing himself to meet a blow he no longer hoped to avert. One further remark, however, left his lips.

"Whatever I did or of whatever I was thinking, one thing I here declare to be true, and that is, that I did not see the widow again after she left my side, and went back to her kitchen in the rear of the house. The hand that struck her may have been lifted while I stood in the hall, but if so, I did not know it, nor can I tell you now who it was that killed her."

It was the first attempt at direct disavowal which he had made, and it had its effect. The coroner softened a trifle of his austerity and the jury-men glanced at each other relieved. But the weight of suspicion against this young man was too heavy and his manner had been too unfortunate for this effect to last long. Gladly as many would have been to credit this denial, if only for the name he bore and a certain fine aspect of gentlemanhood that surrounded him in spite of his present humiliation, it was no longer possible to do so without question, and he seemed to feel this and do his best to accept the situation with patience.

An inquiry which was put to him at this time by a juryman, showed the existent state of feeling against him.

"May I ask," that individual dryly said, "why you came back to Sibley, after having left it?"

The response came clear and full. Evidently the gravity of his position had at last awakened the latent resources of Mr. Hildreth's mind.

"I heard of the death of this woman, and my surprise caused me to return."

"How did you hear of it?"

"Through the newspapers."
 "And you were surprised?"
 "I was astounded; I felt as if I had received a blow myself, and could not rest till I had come back where I could learn the full particulars."
 "So, then, it was curiosity that brought you to the inquest to day?"
 "It was."

The jurymen looked at him astonished; so did all the rest. His manner was so changed, his answers so prompt and ringing.

"And what was it," broke in the coroner, "that led you to register yourself at the hotel under a false name?"

"I scarcely know," was the answer given, with less fire and some show of embarrassment. "Perhaps I thought that, under the circumstances, it would be better for me not to use my own."

"In other words, you were afraid?" exclaimed the coroner, with the full impressiveness of his somewhat weighty voice and manner.

It was a word to make the weakest of men start. Mr. Hildreth, who was conspicuous in his own neighborhood for personal if not for moral, courage, flushed till it looked as if the veins would burst on his forehead, but he made no other reply than a proud and angry look and a short:

"I was not aware of fear; though, to be sure, I had no premonition of the treatment I should be called upon to suffer to-day."

The flash told, the coroner sat as if doubtful, and looked from man to man of the jury as if he would question their feelings on this vital subject. Meantime the full shame of his position settled heavier and heavier upon Mr. Hildreth; his head fell slowly forward, and he seemed to be inquiring of himself how he was to meet the possibly impending ignominy of a direct accusation. Suddenly he straightened himself, and a gleam shot from his eyes that, for the first time, revealed him as a man of latent pluck and courage.

"Gentlemen," said he, looking first at the coroner and then at the jury, "you have not said that you consider me guilty of this crime, but you evidently harbor the suspicion. I do not wonder; my own words have given me away, and any man would find it difficult to believe in my innocence after what has been testified to here this day. Do not hesitate, then. The shock of finding myself suspected of a horrible murder is passed. I am willing to be arrested. Indeed, after what has here taken place, I not only am willing but even anxious. I want to be tried, if only to prove to the world my complete and entire innocence."

The effect of this speech, uttered at a moment so critical, may be easily imagined. All the impressive people present at once testified to their belief in his honesty, and gave him looks of sympathy, if not approval; while the cooler and possibly the more judicious of his auditors calmly weighed it against the evidence that had been advanced, and finding it lacking, perhaps, shook their heads as if unconvinced, and awaited further developments.

They did not come. The inquiry had reached its climax, and little, if anything, more was left to be said. Mr. Hildreth was examined more fully, and some few of the witnesses who had been heard in the early part of the day were recalled, but no new facts came to light and no fresh inquiries were started.

Mr. Byrd, who from the attitude of the coroner could not fail to see Mr. Hildreth was looked upon with a suspicion that would probably end in arrest, decided that his interest in the inquest was at an end, and, being greatly fatigued, gave up his position at the window and quietly stole away.

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Beilini's Monument at Monteverde, Naples.

The name of Beilini is one that conjures up the most exquisite melody. Beilini means the glorious strains of "Sonnambula," of "Norma," of "Puritani," of "Pirata," and, as the word is uttered, all the great queens of song, all the delicious tenors pass before the mind's eye, from Giuglia Gristi to Adelina Patti, from Mario to Campanini. A monument has just been erected at Monteverde in honor of the great maestro and composer. The base is quadrilateral, the graduated steps representing the notes in music. Four statues, one at each corner, stand in charming attitudes, Norma, Pirata, Sonnambula and Puritani, characteristically representing the genius of the heaven-gifted composer. Norma leans upon her arm as if in the act of singing "Casta Diva." The Pirata has all the robustness of a man who has nerved the dreaded black flag to the mast. The figure of Armina in "Sonnambula" is soft and tender, as was the sleep-walking maiden, while that of the Puritani is hard, severe, unflinching, becoming "the crop-eared knave." The monument is worthy of Beilini, and no other word may be uttered. Its inauguration was indeed a musical festival, and everybody, from the old dame at her spinning-wheel to the street urchin, was singing snatches of the melodies which Beilini has handed down for all time. The grand concert to celebrate the inauguration was a brilliant and unequalled success.

The Swiss National Exposition.

The practical and industrious people of Switzerland have resolved not to be left behind in the race of progress, for they have inaugurated an exhibition of native manufactures and industries at Zurich to which they are earnestly calling the attention of the traveling world. Switzerland has held three exhibitions already, the first in 1843 at St. Gallen, the second in 1848 at Bern, and the third in 1883 also at Bern, at which there were no less than 2,000 exhibits. The present exhibition is held in the beautiful and picturesque town of Zurich, in a specially erected building close to and behind the railway depot, giving upon the charming Platz Promenade. One section is exclusively devoted to models of Alpine cottages, and is destined to plant many a chalet in climes far away from the land of Tell. A third, to watches; a fourth, to jewelry; a fifth, to quaint agricultural implements. The great hall is 254 meters long, and the entire area of the buildings, 5,600 meters. There are pavilions for resting in and bowers for refreshments, where various condiments are served by maidens in the varied and chic costumes of the Cantons. The

tourist world will doubtless peep in at Zurich, and the thrifty Swiss rejoice in a snug credit balance at the end of the season of 1883.

Irish Emigrants from Lismullet.

The departure of Irish emigrants from Belmullet, under the patronage of the British Government, was made the occasion of a visit to that district by the Lord Lieutenant, who manifested the greatest interest in the welfare of the unfortunate people, not only speaking words of encouragement, but personally assisting them in their embarkation. Our illustration shows one of the incidents preceding the embarkation of the 27th of April. It is stated that about a thousand persons, or one-fiftieth of the population of the union of Belmullet, have emigrated within a month, and it is possible that another thousand will follow, under the impulse given by the Government aid.

The Church of the Assumption, Moscow.

The Cathedral of the Assumption, situated within the Kremlin, in Moscow, where the Czar will be crowned, is not an imposing architectural structure, but the interior is decorated with profuse gilding. It displays five cupolas, supported by massive pillars, which are gilt, and the walls are adorned with large fresco paintings of Bible history, on a groundwork of gold. Among the chief ornaments of this church is a huge silver chandelier, in the shape of a crown, with forty-eight branches, weighing three thousand pounds of that metal; and there is a model of Mount Sinai, with Moses and the Tables of the Law on the top. All of pure gold, which is of enormous value. A Bible of immense size, with a cover inlaid with gold and jewels, so heavy that two men are required to lift it, is another of the treasures belonging to the Uspenski Sabor. The wooden seat or throne of Vladimir the Great, preserved in a curious shrine of open brass-work, fashioned like a tomb, is an object of great veneration, and there is a vast collection of relics, pictures of saints, and memorials of antiquity, belonging either to the early ages of the national monarchy, or to personages whose names are hallowed in the Eastern Church calendar. The church is historically notable for the fact that all the Russian Emperors since the days of Ivan the Terrible have been crowned within its walls.

The Indian Institute at Oxford.

The projected Indian Institute connected with the University of Oxford, of which the Prince of Wales recently laid the memorial stone, is designed to encourage and assist every branch of study that concerns the populations, languages, history, literature, antiquities and geography of the Indian Empire. The building will stand close to the University Convocation House, and will include a museum and library. In the laying of the cornerstone the prescribed formalities of the Masonic ritual were duly observed, the Prince wearing the scarlet robes of a Doctor of the University, with the Masonic apron, and his badge and chain as Grand Master.

The Russian Imperial Jewels.

The reception of the Russian crown jewels at Moscow was marked by ceremonies no less imposing than those which distinguished their departure from St. Petersburg. At the station they were received in state by the Governor-general, surrounded by his adjutants and officials, and a battalion of the Guards—survivors of the time of Nicholas I. As the boxes were carried from the train they were duly saluted by the Governor, who then superintended their opening, the jewels being taken out and placed upon velvet cushions, and then taken in state to the carriages, which, escorted by a squadron of dragoons, conveyed them to the Kremlin. On page 232 we give an illustration of the Imperial crown which was made by order of Catharine II., and contains fifty-eight large diamonds and four thousand eight hundred and seventy-six smaller ones, and has besides fifty-four Oriental pearls.

The City of Hamburg.

The City of Hamburg is as picturesque as it is splendid. It has been fitly styled the Venice of the North, so traversed is it by water streets, while in its midst is the celebrated Alster, the "outer" and the "inner," veritable lakes surrounded by tree-lined promenades, and bordered by stately and magnificent houses. The *cafes* that fringe the Inner Alster are superbly decorated, their balconies extending over the extensive basin, which is studded by saucy little steam launches and minor sailing craft, the steam ferries forming a noticeable and prominent feature. The Alster is cut in two by the Lombards Bridge, a magnificent structure of great width and absolute level. It contains a double railway track, in addition to a broad carriage roadway and paths for pedestrians. On summer evenings it is a favorite lounging place for the Hamburgers, who gather in little knots as they watch the passing craft, and the thousand lights of the *cafes* on the sparkling waters. From the Lombards Bridge the view of the new Jungfernstieg, the Inner Alster, the Alster-damm, and the wall, is unsurpassed.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE OPENING.

THE opening of the New York and Brooklyn bridge on the 24th of May was in every way a great success. The weather was perfect, clear and cool; both cities gave themselves up to the celebration, and the whole affair passed off without disaster of any kind. The occasion was made a universal holiday in Brooklyn; business was suspended, and all the principal buildings and many houses were elaborately decorated. In New York there was also quite a general suspension of business in the afternoon, and people devoted themselves to sight-seeing. Crowds of visitors poured into town from the surrounding country, and the vicinity of the bridge entrances on either side, and the water front of both cities, were packed with eager spectators. Shortly after noon President Arthur, Governor Cleveland and other distinguished guests were escorted by the Seventh Regiment from the Fifth Avenue Hotel down Broadway to the bridge, on which they were met by the Brooklyn city officials and the Twenty-third Regiment. Salutes were fired by Government vessels and the forts in the harbor, while the Presidential party was crossing the river.

The formal exercises were held in the terminal station on the Brooklyn side, and beginning a little before three, lasted about three hours. Bishop Littlejohn offered prayer, after which Vice-President Kingsley, of the Bridge Trustees, presented the structure to the cities, and it was received by Mayor Edson for New York and Mayor Low for Brooklyn. Orations were then delivered by Hon. A. S. Hewitt, in behalf of Brooklyn, and Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, for Brooklyn. In the evening a splendid display of fireworks was made from the towers and the centre of the bridge, which was witnessed by immense crowds in both cities, and were visible over a large extent of country in both Long Island and New Jersey. The President and Governor, after dining with Mayor Low, held a reception at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The bridge was thrown open for traffic shortly before midnight, and thousands of people were in line waiting for opportunity to cross the structure. The cars will not begin making their trips for some time yet, but in every other respect the bridge is in working order, and is receiving a great patronage.

THE hurricane of 1866 blew over hundreds of thousands of coconut-trees in the Bahama Islands. Instead of dying, they not only kept on growing in their horizontal position, but sent up shoots from the top. These shoots are now from forty to fifty feet in height, and yield an abundance of fruit.

Facts of Interest.

THE largest piece of granite claimed to have been quarried since the time of Solomon was lately examined at Thomaston, Me. It measured sixty feet in length and seven feet square at the base. Its weight was estimated at 150 tons.

THE French are building thirty-six men-of-war, of which twelve are ironclads, to cost \$21,000,000, and two more, ironclads also, are to cost \$2,000,000 each.

DR. W. H. STONE pronounces stammering a disease of modern civilization, and states that Livingstone never met with it among the savage tribes of Africa. Statistics show that in civilized countries two persons stammer in every thousand.

A CHICAGO real estate firm has purchased an immense tract of land in Mississippi, it is supposed for German capitalists. The transaction includes 1,000,000 acres in the cotton belt, and 400,000 acres in the pine land section of the State. The price paid per acre was \$1.35, the total consideration being \$1,375,000. This immense purchase is only the first of four such tracts soon to pass into European hands.

THE most interesting celebration of the Fourth of July that will take place in the United States this year will be at the grave of Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello, in Virginia. A monument, erected at the cost of the United States, will be unveiled on the day which he, perhaps more than any other single man, contributed to make memorable. As Mr. Jefferson died on the 4th of July, 1826, the ceremony at his grave will also commemorate the fifty-seventh anniversary of his death.

CANADA is to have its first historical painting, and Mr. Robert Harris, of Prince Edward Island, is to paint it. It is to represent the "Fathers of Confederation," and will contain portraits of those statesmen who were instrumental in making the compact of July, 1867, by which the Provinces were united under one Government. Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, Mr. Mowatt, the late George Brown, Chief Justice Dorian, Mr. William McDougall, and others, will be represented in this work, which has been authorized by Parliament, upon a petition from the Royal Canadian Academy of Art.

THE largest sheep ranch in the world is believed to be that in Dimmet and Webb Counties, Texas, which pastures 3,000,000 sheep and is composed of 300,000 acres.

MUCH impatience was manifested by a Wisconsin woman who was the plaintiff in a divorce suit. The Court had decided in her favor, but the formal decree was likely to be delayed until the next day. Her lawyer protested, and, being compelled to give a reason for the delay, he explained that his client's betrothed second husband was in the room, and that the couple wished to go at once to a minister for marriage. The Judge ordered the decree to be made out at once.

A WOMAN in Albany, while house-cleaning, found a large roll of bank-bills secreted in a store-room. Their total face value was several thousand dollars, but they were on an old State bank which had failed years ago. It was a great disappointment to the thrifty housewife.

AT Newport, in the Isle of Wight, a marriage recently took place at which the bride was a widow, aged eighty-two, and the bridegroom a bachelor of eighty. The bride was given away by her grandson.

A FEMALE wolf belonging to the collection of animals in Lincoln Park, Chicago, recently gave birth to four miniatures of herself, said to be the first of their race born in captivity. But the triumph of the attendants was short-lived, for on the following morning not a trace of the little wolves could be found. Their mother thought it was not worth her while to rear them, and so devoured them during the night.

THE authorities of Maine have made arrangements for the establishment of a mechanical department in the State Reform School for the instruction of the boys restrained there. At first nothing but woodwork will be attempted, but this will be expanded as the capacities of the boys are developed.

DURING some repairs now in progress in the old hall of the House of Representatives, in Washington, a fragment of charred wood was taken out of the wall that had evidently been there ever since the burning of the Capitol by the British during the War of 1812. When the roof was put on after that event a space about ten feet square in the arch at the southeast corner of the building was closed in, and remained so until an opening was cut from the entablature in the rear of the Goddess of Liberty in the course of present alterations. The interior of the arch is still black with smoke, presenting unquestionable evidence of fire.

INTERESTING extracts have been published from a letter which Grant wrote to his mother when he was a student at West Point. "Your kind words of admonition," he said, "are ever present with me. How well do they strengthen me in every good word and work. Should I become a soldier for my country, I look forward with hope to have you spared to share with me in any advancement I may gain, and I trust my future conduct will prove me worthy of the patriotic instruction you and my father have given me."

A VETERAN of Waterloo recently died in Western New York at the age of eighty-six years. The Rev. Dr. Diederich Willers, father of ex-Secretary of State Willers, was one of Elmer's soldiers. He came to this country soon after the downfall of Napoleon, and had been Pastor of the German Lutheran Church at Varick, Seneca County, for more than sixty years. John Smith is the name of the only remaining survivor of Waterloo now living in Western New York.

A MICHIGAN man who is engaged in the business of "torpedoing" salt wells wrote to a friend in England not long ago, and inclosed the letter in his business envelope, which bears in the corner the following printed legend: "If not called for in ten days return to H. H. Thomas, dealer in nitro-glycerine, dynamite, giant powder and high explosives, Bay City, Mich." This envelope produced a commotion in the British post-office and the gentleman to whom it was addressed was forthwith clapped into jail. Of course he was speedily released.

ARTEMUS WARD'S "moral kangaroo," of which he once said that "it would make you laugh to hear the little cuss jump up and squeal," still lives in Cleveland. Just before the great humorist went upon his last visit to Europe, he presented the animal to George Hoyt, associate editor of the *Plain Dealer*, upon the condition that it should receive good care and treatment during the remainder of its life.

Death-roll of the Week.

MAY 20TH.—At Clinton, N.Y., Charles Avery, professor of chemistry in Hamilton College from 1834 to 1869, aged 87; at Abington, Pa., Thomas Smith, long a leading merchant of Philadelphia, aged 68; at Salem, Ind., Horace Heffren, a prominent Democratic politician, aged 60; at Union, S.C., Thomas B. Jeter, Railroad Commissioner, aged 57; at New Orleans, La., Dr. J. Dickson Burns, a prominent physician, aged 48; at Edinburgh, Scotland, William Chambers, the great publisher, aged 88. MAY 21st.—In New York city, Rev. Zenas P. Wilds, a Baptist clergyman, aged 64; at Taunton, Mass., William Mason, a large manufacturer of machinery, aged 76; at Washington, D.C., Oscar H. Lackey Chief Engineer, United States Navy. MAY 22nd.—In New York city, Matthew Arbuckle, a well known cornet player, aged 55; at Washington, D.C., Colonel Frank E. Howe, Military Agent of Massachusetts in New York during the war, aged 55.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

REPRESENTATIVE S. S. COX has bought a residence worth \$30,000 in Washington, near Mr. Blaine's house on Dupont Circle.

It is reported that the Czar will meet the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and King Humbert of Italy at Berlin next Autumn.

MRS. ROBERT B. RIDLEY, youngest daughter of the late Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia, died on the 21st instant from injuries received in a runaway accident.

JAMES B. EADS has resigned as a member of the Mississippi River Commission, and the President has appointed Samuel W. Ferguson, of Mississippi, in his place.

MRS. ALMA TADEMA, Mrs. E. W. Gosse, and a third sister, are the daughters of Epps, of Cocoa fame, and are known as "Nutritious," "Grateful" and "Comforting."

MISS AGNES BROWN BRIGGS, a niece of the poet Robert Burns, died recently at the Bridge House, Ayr, Scotland, aged eighty-three. Her younger sister survives her.

JOHN BROWN's seat in the Queen's carriage has been given to Francis Clark, another Scotch gillie, and a regular Highlander, who for some years has been in the Queen's service.

JOHN BRIGHT will be presented with a dessert service and his own portrait at a celebration in Birmingham, on June 13th, of the fortieth anniversary of his election to Parliament.

THERE is to be a meeting of monarchs in Europe. The sovereigns of Germany, Austria and Italy are going to Gastein, Austria, in July, and will probably be accompanied by their Prime Ministers.

GEORGE H. BUTLER, the ne'er-do-well nephew of General Butler, has resigned his place as "forage master" at Fort Keogh, in a rambling letter to Quartermaster-general Ingalls, in which he charges General Terry with blunders.

THE fund for Mr. Parnell now amounts to £9,000. It has been decided to keep the subscription lists open until £50,000 have been raised. Contributions continue to be made in the country notwithstanding the recent circular of the Pope.

MRS. ANN ELIZA YOUNG, the famous nineteenth wife of the Mormon Brigham Young, who has been lecturing in northern Ohio towns for several months past, was married on the 14th instant to William R. Dunning, a prominent merchant of Marquette, Michigan.

THE house in which the poet, Edgar A. Poe, lived for some time at Fordham, N. Y., is to be sold at public auction under foreclosure on June 9th, the day appointed for the interment of the remains of the poet John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," at Washington.

MR. WHITTIER, the poet, told a visitor a few days ago that the recently published Carlyle correspondence had so strongly affected him that he had not to work and destroyed the greater part of his correspondence, covering over fifty years, lest it should be published after his death.

MRS. SCOVILLE, the sister of Giteau, is evidently desirous of obliterating her connection with the families of her brother and her late husband. She has filed an application for a change of name, and not desiring to retain her maiden name, she asks that it be changed to Howe, her mother's name.

REV. DR. WATKYN B. JOSEPH Y. MYFERN, pastor of the Bethesda Church, at Utica, N. Y., died last week of inflammatory rheumatism, at the age of forty-six. He was a remarkable Welsh orator, and one of the leading bards of Wales. He had won two bardic chairs at the national Eisteddfods in Carnarvon and Conwy.

MISS LOUISE M. ALCOCK, in a recent letter, writes of the condition of her father, A. Bronson Alcock, saying: "Six months have about spent his vigor, great as it was for his age, and any change may be expected now, the doctor says. He does not suffer except from weariness, and often says, 'I am so old, so tired; let me go.'"

COLONEL EMILE FREY, the Swiss Minister at Washington, sailed for Europe last week to be gone two or three months. He carries with him (as a present for the National Schutzen Verein of Switzerland, a silver dinner service, offered by the Swiss residents of Washington as a prize to be shot for at the association's annual Schutzenfest.

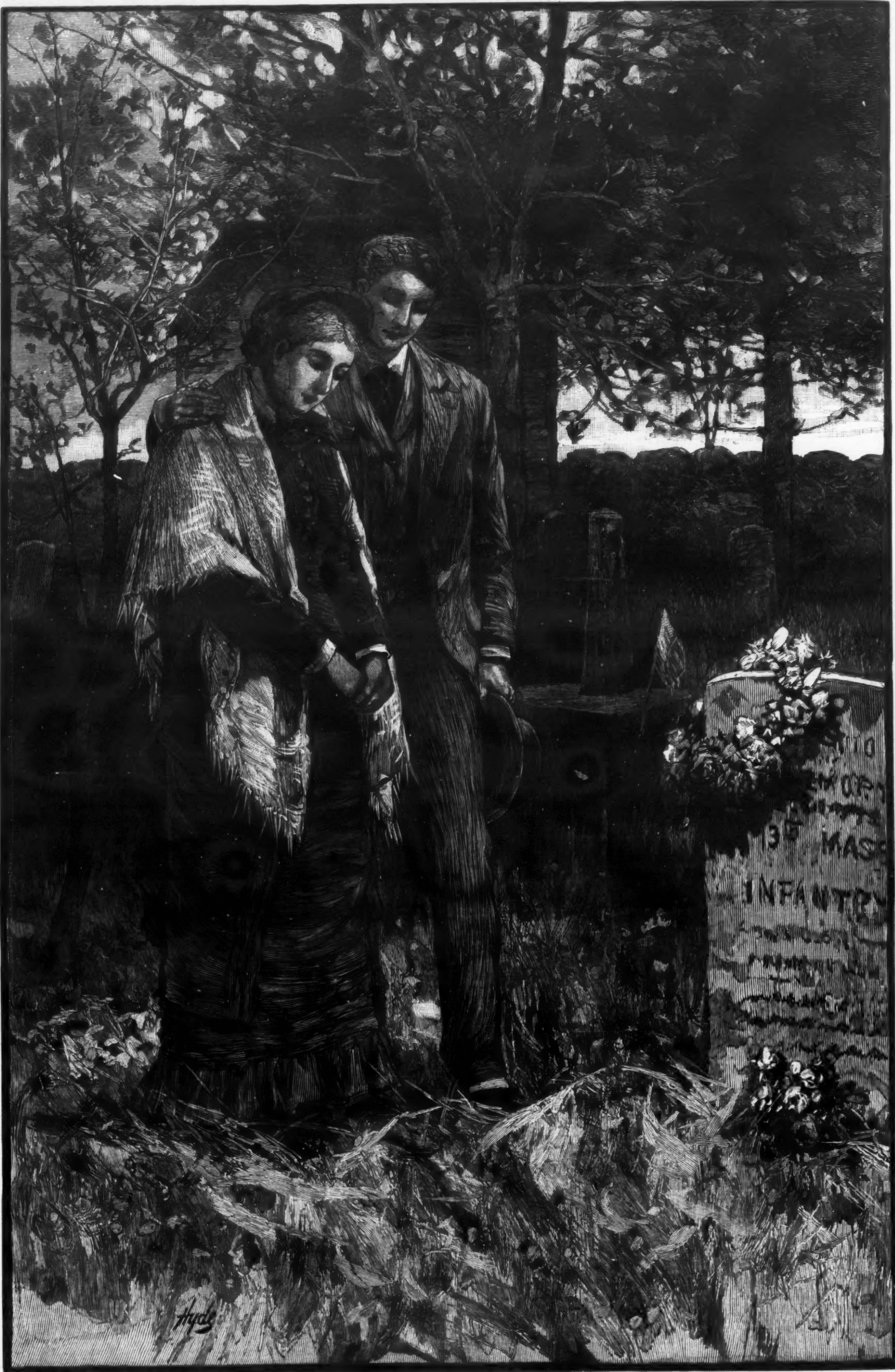
JAMES CAREY, the man who was concerned in the Phoenix Park assassinations, and who turned informer and was the principal witness for the Crown against his companions during their trials, has been released from custody. Carey declares that he intends to remain in Dublin, and the guard of policemen about his house has been doubled.

THE Marquis of Lansdowne, who is named to succeed the Marquess of Lorne in the Governor generalship of Canada, is grandson of the Marquess who, as Lord Henry Petty and M. P. for Cambridge University, gained, when very young, distinction as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and who led the House of Lords under several Whig administrations from 1841 to his death.

THE widow of the late Congressman James Q. Smith, of Alabama, has married his nephew in Tennessee. As the laws in Alabama are against such marriages they went to Kentucky, and as the same law prevailed there they journeyed immediately to Gallatin, Tenn., where they were married. After overcoming these obstacles the couple returned to their plantation near Selma.

THE Conservative journals have begun to style Mr. Gladstone the grand old Bohemian. Not only does he go to the opera and theatre, but he constantly entertains members of the theatrical profession. He had Mme. Marie Rozo Mapleson to breakfast lately at his official residence in Downing Street, and he will take a prominent part in the complimentary dinner to be given to Irving before his departure for this country. Mr. Gladstone's friends and supporters speak and write of him as the G. O. M.—Grand Old Man.

THE wife of the engineer-in-chief of the Brooklyn Bridge, Mrs. W. A. Roebling, has proved herself a worthy helpmeet for her distinguished husband. "Since her husband's unfortunate illness Mrs. Roebling has filled his position as chief of the engineering staff," says a gentleman, well acquainted with the family. "As soon as Mr. Roebling was stricken with that peculiar fever which has since prostrated him, Mrs. Roebling applied herself to the study of engineering, and she succeeded so well that in a short time she was able to assume the duties of chief engineer. Such an achievement is something remarkable. To illustrate her proficiency in engineering, one instance will suffice. When bids for the steel and iron work for the structure were advertised for three or four years ago, it was found that entirely new shapes would be required, such as no mill was then making. This necessitated new patterns, and representatives of the mills desiring to bid went to New York to consult with Mr. Roebling. Their surprise was great when Mrs. Roebling sat down with them, and by her knowledge of engineering helped them out with their patterns and cleared away difficulties that had for weeks been puzzling their brains."



DECORATION DAY AND ITS MEMORIES: CONSTANT AFTER TWENTY YEARS.—SEE PAGE 233.



THE EVENING PYROTECHNIC EXHIBITION ON THE BRIDGE.
 NEW YORK.—OPENING OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, MAY 24TH—WELCOME OF PRESIDENT ARTHUR BY MAYOR LOW
 AT THE BROOKLYN TOWER.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 235.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rest, in dust, far from life's flame,
Old garments and a perish'd name.
Press hard, lean hand of Time, cast down
The greenest garland, brightest crown.

A rose-tipped, beckoning finger leads
The man himself o'er new-world meads,
Where, ardent-soul'd, he lies along
With fresher robes and newer song.

Creep towards him, Time; perchance, shall fall
This fine dress also to thy thrall.
Press on at speed—naught canst thou sack,
Save cast-off cloaks and lamps burnt black.

KENINGALE COOK.

DISPROPORTIONED MARRIAGES.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

"Sua quisque exempla debet sequi animo pati."
—PHÆDRUS.

JULIAN was born in a village, but Julian was no rustic. He had the suavity, though none of the dazzling frailties, of the city. He was adopted when very young by a rich merchant of Toney, in Auxerrois. He lived in comfort and independence with his benefactor till the age of eighteen, and it never even occurred to him that this state of happiness might not endure for ever.

But the fluctuations of commerce produced their too frequent consequences. The patron of Julian was ruined, and fled to a foreign clime. Julian was now thrown upon the world. The altered looks of those who had basked in the better fortunes of his friend, and who best knew how little his reverses had been merited—the reproachful mutterings of the epithet "bankrupt!" which he heard from many, who were themselves far better entitled to the fate, disgusted him with the city. He thought of his paternal cottage and departed; and as he went on his way through the village of Quaine, of which the Marquis de Vaudon was the lord, he saw all the cottagers, with glad faces and in their holiday suits, assembled before the church. They were celebrating the betrothal of Aglaë, the daughter of the marquis, to the Count de Vermanton. By the established privilege of the occasion, Aglaë reigned supreme that day. She was the dispenser of justice and the bestower of benefactions. Julian, with noble humility, appeared before her. Aglaë received him graciously. True, he knew nothing of plants and flowers and trees—how should he? His life had passed in the counting-house. Aglaë thought not of qualifications. The youth wanted employ, and she could offer him a place. Julian was immediately invested with the superintendence of the parks and gardens of Vaudon.

The generous mind cannot rest inactive under the sense of kindness. With Julian the ardor to return the obligation grew into a passion which absorbed every other. It was his aim by day, his dream by night. He watched young Aglaë as she roved; if she paused to dwell upon the beauty of any flower, or to rejoice in its perfume, the favorite flower was sure presently to meet her view at every turn.

In rambling through the park one evening, Julian heard Aglaë shriek. He darted to the spot. A brier had torn his lovely benefactress, and Julian saw blood streaming from her foot. Ere three days it was all over with the briers; not one remained in the park of Vaudon; and as Julian was no more blest than others with the power of curbing the spirit of destruction when once on the wing, no plant or bush which bore a thorn, not even the holly itself, escaped the general proscription.

The Count de Vermanton was certainly concerned at the accident of his betrothed; but he was almost as much so at the change which it had wrought in the park of Vaudon, and felt highly incensed at Julian as the cause. The fact is, the young lord, like most lords, young and old, held it vulgar not to be passionately enamored of all sports of the field. Indeed, at that time, they were universally looked upon as the most salutary of exercises, the most rational of pleasures; and salutary, indeed, it must be to butcher the defenseless, and most rational to delight in scenes of cold-blooded carnage. Oh! 'tis a recreation worthy of heroes! So thought the count; but it did not seem to him so heroic to course through a park without underwood. "It were as good sport to shoot the boar in a cage or the rabbit in the poultry-yard!" exclaimed he, with chagrin, and he could not forgive Julian for the gratitude which marred his pleasures.

The grievance was consequently laid before the marquis; Aglaë was present. In her Julian found an earnest defender. This was as it should be. They who have brought us into a scrape ought to be the most eager to help us out of it, but such an idea never came into the mind of the count. He, on the contrary, thought it passing strange that the daughter of a marquis should degrade herself by pleading for a menial. Aglaë explained her reasons. They were unanswerable. But the count lost his temper in the discussion, especially when he found he was about losing his cause, and in his fury flung so insolent a glance at Aglaë and Julian, that tears filled the kind girl's eyes and choked her utterance, and she left the room.

Aglaë was no sooner in her chamber, whither she had flown to weep unheeded and unobserved, than she began to weigh the merits of the quarrel. Now, for the first time, and entirely through the intemperate conduct of the count, to whom she was really attached, she thought of the assiduities of Julian ever since his coming to the château. From merely thinking of them she presently began to think of them with pleasure. She now called to mind his countenance. "None more interesting." His temper—"gentleness itself! What a pity the count's is not more like it!" She wondered how he should have so little of the rustic in his manners, and would fain hear his

story. She was sure it must be romantic, and that he was better than he seemed. Certain soft glances she had never remembered before next came upon her recollection, and then she would think no more about him. "Why should she trouble her head about Julian, of all people in the world?" And yet, so incomprehensible is a woman's heart, if the count had come in at that moment to renew the quarrel about Julian, there is no knowing what might have happened. But he did not, and he was fortunate.

Some time passed over, and things resumed their usual course. On a treeless eminence in the park there was a little pavilion to which Aglaë was very partial. It was her darling retreat. Thither she frequently withdrew with her books, or her drawings, or her guitar; but it was so open and exposed to the Summer sun, that she could not enjoy her seclusion half the time she wished. The glare made it unendurable, except in the morning or towards night. This could not escape Julian. He secretly assembled numbers of gardeners and villagers. In a single night trenches were dug round the pavilion. The linden and acacia were torn from their native soils and planted there in silence. On the morrow Julian found more than his reward in the delighted surprise of Aglaë, to see her favorite pavilion thus, as if by magic, encircled with shade and flowers. To the count this was a fresh source of complaint. He thought the trees entirely spoiled one of the best views from at least a dozen points about the grounds, and even more from the château itself. The height had been left bare expressly for the prospect. It was bad taste as well as bad manners for the clown to shut it out thus. This time the marquis thought so too; nay, more, he thought it exceedingly presuming in the superintendent of his grounds to turn things topsy-turvy in this extraordinary way without saying a word about it. To make bad worse, a week was not over before all the new plantation died. Julian received his dismissal, and she for whom he had labored, and was now cast once more upon the world, did not dare to speak for him. A sad perplexity for a female heart; but one which you, reader, if you have loved, will find no difficulty in accounting for.

The dismissal of Julian was conveyed to him by the Count de Vermanton. It must be owned there was little delicacy or prudence in the selection. The consequence was what might have been expected. The count was insolent, and Julian became angry. The hot blood of the young count boiled at the idea of being answered by a menial, and he so far forgot himself as to reply with a blow. In frenzy Julian caught up the weapon of a game-keeper which chanced to lie within his grasp. The insult, recoiling from his fury, fell backwards into the vast canal which crossed the park of Vaudon, and into which the Quaine had just discharged its waters. A lock had that moment been opened below, and the broad sheet was dashing towards it like a cataract. The count was already lost to view. Now, does not Julian exult? Now he will have ample vengeance! No. His desire of vengeance vanished when he saw his provoker helpless and perishing. He plunges after him. He is torn by a jagged rock as he plunges, yet wrestles with a giant's vigor against the whirl. For a while his blood upon the surface is the only clew to where he gropes beneath. At length his head is seen to burst through the hurrying waters. With one hand he sustains the unconscious count, and clings with the other to the slippery beam of a flood-gate, awaiting the boat which bears towards him; but his courage and his strength are no longer of avail. His vision becomes confused; he wildly grasps at some fancied object, and then he ceases to see or understand, and all his limbs turned numb. The next thing he knew he was in some gloomy place, but where, he could not conjecture, nor how he got there. At first his sight was dim and doubting, and could distinguish nothing. Had he awakened in another world? Where had he ever existed before? He had no memory of the past; his feelings were equally vacant; there was neither love nor anger in his breast. By degrees his perceptions returned—his curiosity was awakened. What was this place in which he laid? He attempted to rise, and now felt weak and could not move without difficulty. At last he succeeded in getting from his bed. He pulled apart the curtains. Astonishment! A bright and splendid apartment burst upon his view! Can it be? He remembers the apartment; it belongs to the château of Vaudon. It looks less brilliant now than it did at first, and now seems almost obscure, and only a dim lamp is standing in the corner, with women grouped around it. Who can those women be? Rapture! 'Tis Aglaë with her attendants, and they are preparing rage to dress some wounded person. The eyes of Aglaë seem yet swollen with tears. At this moment Julian feels his wounds in their intensest anguish, but he feels most happy, spite of all he suffers, as the thought flashes o'er his mind that he himself might be the object of their touching kindness, and that some of those sweet tears, perhaps, have fallen for him.

The Count de Vermanton soon got about. The first visit he made was to his preserver. But Julian's hurts were much more serious. He was sometimes in so high a fever that fears were entertained for his life. Aglaë was unwearied in her kindness. The feelings of Julian towards her, which at first did not dare presume beyond gratitude, became daily more intense. Whenever the poor sufferer seemed to enjoy a momentary pause from pain, Aglaë would come and talk to him, for she was sure it did him good; every time this happened she made a sort of promise to herself as she went back to her chamber that she would indulge him in no more such conversations.

In one of these gentle but dangerous visits, Julian, forgetting the distance which the distinctions of society had interposed between

him and his benefactress, freely poured out his whole soul to Aglaë. He told her the hopes and sorrows of his youth. His *amour-propre* (and that we ever feel with those we love) made his voice falter in some parts of his narrative, and Aglaë liked him all the better for it. But when he came to the dreadful reverses which had deprived him of his second father; when he reminded Aglaë that but for her he might have been left a homeless and unfriended wanderer, his voice was choked, and he could not proceed. Aglaë was moved, and unconsciously held out her hand to him. He caught it eagerly. Their eyes met, and both were filled with tears.

We must leave the sick chamber a while, and turn to what is passing outside. Extraordinary events had now changed the political complexion of France. Two mighty parties were standing in a threatening attitude. They seemed only waiting for a signal to come to blows. The Constituent Assembly had abolished titles and their privileges. The Marquis de Vaudon had taken side with the levelers. He had just renounced his distinctions, and removed the escutcheon from his gate when the Count de Vermanton entered.

"Marquis—" exclaimed the count.
"Praised be the age of reason," interrupted the father of Aglaë. "No marquis now, dear Vermanton."

"In that case, sir," replied the count, "our arrangements are null: I withdraw my promise. The daughter of the citizen Vaudon cannot aspire to an alliance with the noble race of the Counts de Vermanton."

"Be it as you will, sir; but remember, conduct like yours will create in the state a crisis of which men like you will be the victims. Farewell, sir."

"Come hither, my daughter!" cried the ex-marquis, as he saw Aglaë crossing the apartment. "Sit down, my child; I have ill-tidings for you, but I trust your affection for your father, and a sense of your own dignity will sustain you under them, and make you despise the fool who treats you so contemptuously."

"What is it you mean?"
"Your betrothed, the Count de Vermanton disclaims his vows, and renounces your hand."

"Does he, indeed?" exclaimed the delighted girl, darting from her chair and springing into her father's arms. "Does he indeed renounce? Oh! blessed, blessed news!"

"How is this, child? I do not understand you. You loved him, did you not?"

"Y-y-yes, I for a long while thought I did, but when I saw what violent passions he flew into against you whenever you and he got into your arguments about politics—"

"Good girl!"
And she instantly hurried back to her patient.

"A terrible business has just happened," said she to him, the smile still on her lip, and her eyes still exulting. He learned all, and with sympathetic rapture he also exclaimed:

"Oh, blessed news!"

Meanwhile the illness of Julian took an alarming turn. Such frequent excitement irritated his wounds; his blood became more and more inflamed, the intervals of repose from fever diminished daily, and at length ceased altogether. Till then the doctor, with the customary prudence of his profession, had abstained from giving any decided opinion; but when everybody saw how the case stood, he ventured to tell what everybody knew—that Julian was in danger. Aglaë was wrought up to the extreme of woe. Nothing will induce her to quit Julian's bedside. Her tears at once taught him her condition and his own. In one of his severest nights, as he started from his sleep with agony, the lover of Aglaë saw her in a passion of tears, kneeling at the foot of his bed and praying.

"I am aware now how it is with me," said he to her. "All hope is over. Dry up your tears. Happiness was not to be my lot on earth. Even had I recovered I should have speedily been forced to a greater sacrifice than life—I should have been required to—"

Then checking himself, he cried: "Ah! if death indeed makes all equal, Aglaë, I die—no—you shall not be left untold."
"Hush!" said she, placing her trembling finger on his lips—"hush! I know it all." And then taking his hands and pressing them, the innocent, the good, the affectionate Aglaë, with an air almost solemn, bent down her brow towards that of the sufferer, and placing the first kiss of love on cheeks already cold in death, "Lo! we are united!" she exclaimed, and fainted.

But Julian had only been condemned to death by the doctor, and nature reversed the sentence. The return of his health, the certainty of being loved, the republican notions of the father of Aglaë, the departure of the Count de Vermanton, all seemed to encourage him to hope, and to promise him success. Yet still he failed. Citizen Vaudon received the proposals of Julian very ill. In vain was the father told by the lover:

"Our principles are the same, I think as you do, that all men are equal; and I have a far deeper interest than you in thinking so. Then let me have your daughter. Where is the difference between us? You have sundry heaps of gold, which I have not; there is no other difference. Is so paltry a consideration to be weighed against the happiness of your child and a brother citizen? You were unworthy to be called a man if you could think so. In the name of humanity, or in that which you prize beyond all others, the name of reason—"

He was pursuing his eloquent persuasion, when, in the name of reason and humanity, the citizen ex-marquis had him taken by the shoulders and thrust out of the château. Julian, stung to the soul, wrote thus to Aglaë:

"Your father is a barbarian. Am I, then, less than he, that he should scorn me thus? You have my love, and you return it—what more can reason exact? He censured the conduct of the Count de Vermanton. His own is worse. The count did not profess one principle and practice another. Your

father does. Woe to the parents whom rank and riches can render deaf to the appeals of love and nature!"

Aglaë was pretty much of the same opinion; but what good did that do? To crown all, her father caught her with the letter. He saw what it might lead to, and having just received orders from the municipal authorities to impress his quota of volunteers for the defense of the country, he began with Julian.

Will ye, nil ye, poor Julian, lo! you are a soldier! What became of him after? That is more than I can tell. No doubt he did his duty, behaved gallantly, turned out a hero, and got himself killed; so we'll trouble ourselves no more about him, but return to Aglaë, the main object of our narrative.

Time, that great comforter, that great destroyer, that great magician, brought about many a change in the château of Vaudon. The revolution was afoot, and in its course of carnage trod down even its parents. The ex-marquis found himself beset by unsleeping espionage. He was reproached as a lukewarm republican. The story of Julian was brought up against him. His conduct to the youth was branded as treachery to the common cause, and insult to the universal people. To avert the rising storm he must find some way to conciliate the mob. None offered but the sacrifice of his daughter. Aglaë was an obedient victim. Her father's life was at stake. She became the wife of a man resembling Julian in the humbleness of his birth, and the Count de Vermanton in the ungovernableness of his temper, but here the likeness ceased. Still he was at the head of the ruling party, and Aglaë was sure that her husband would not let any harm come to her father. Alas! the daughter and the father were equally mistaken. The citizen found no defender in his son-in-law. Unfortunately for Vaudon, his patriotism was sincere, and these were no times for the honest. He had dreamed of a republic, but could see no republicanism in anarchy. He was cast into a dungeon. By his side on the straw there groaned another victim.

"What! Is it indeed you, marquis?" cried the Count de Vermanton. "What unaccountable change of fortune or opinion brings you here? I sought to save the republic."

"And I the monarchy!"
The same day saw the blood of republican and monarchist mingled on the scaffold.

Reader! close your eyes on this disastrous epoch. Let twenty years of turmoil; of glory and of suffering pass, and follow me within the walls of Paris. See you not beneath the lowly roof that faces that splendid mansion, a tender mother listening to the complaints and sharing the anguish of a son, an only son, the sole friend now left to her on earth! This excellent mother is Aglaë—this exemplary son the gentle offspring of her ill-fated marriage. Aglaë is now a widow, reduced to utter obscurity; she has no means of subsistence, but from the labors of her son. True, his success—in the arts holds out a fair promise of much better days, but his mother's joy on this account gives way to her bitter apprehensions for him on another. Theodore is in love with the only child of one whose fortune and rank render the attachment hopeless. The Duke de Stralsund derived his wealth and title from his military achievements. His retirement was devoted to the education of his daughter. The best masters France could afford were obtained for Pauline, and the Empire could produce no teacher of drawing and painting equal to Theodore. But the instructor soon became the lover. When this reached the duke's knowledge his pride revolted. It was not enough that their doors should be closed against the youth. The duke employed every expedient to root from Pauline's heart a dawning tenderness, which brought a blush of shame on his brow. Aglaë, by those gentle arts with which a woman, and, above all, a mother, so well knows how to dress up the words of consolation, was endeavoring to calm the tempest in the boiling bosom of the young artist.

"My friend, my dearest Theodore, what can you ever expect from such a rash attachment? The son of a poor, nameless widow, marry the heiress of the Duke of Stralsund! Oh! my dear, it is the thought of a child, and quite unworthy of your years. You say she loves you, and if she fancies that she does, what then? Will it excuse your exciting her to rebel against one who has a more sacred title to her love? For you may be sure of this—the duke will never consent. Indeed, he cannot, he ought not. The annoyances he has already given us ought to be sufficient proof to you how he feels upon the subject. Theodore, your mother enters thoroughly into your feelings, and pities them from the bottom of her soul. They recall scenes and sorrows of her youth. My heart has been as deeply wrung as yours is. Let my example give you strength and teach you the courage of resignation."

She was proceeding, when a man in livery entered from the splendid mansion opposite and handed her a letter. It was from the Duke de Stralsund. He was exceedingly severe against Theodore; lamented that it should be his misfortune to have such neighbors, and concluded by declaring that if the base corruptor of his daughter's mind did not instantly depart, he would put into force the means he had of compelling him.

Aglaë was all terror for her darling son. In the flutter of her feelings may she not have misread the letter? She peruses it again. Now for the first time she notices the handwriting. How strange! She could almost say they were the very characters, and then recollections at once delightful and distressing throng upon her mind. She was still musing upon the singular coincidence, as a second servant entered and announced the Duke de Stralsund. Theodore withdrew and the duke appeared.

"Madame," said he, to Aglaë, who received him with cheeks burning with agitation and her brow cast down, "I come to learn your decision. It gives me pain to make you unhappy, but do not compel me to harsh measures. Your

son has the presumption to love my daughter. Nay, more; taking advantage of her youth and inexperience, he has dared to entice her to return his love. His rashness has been unchecked by the considerations of either fortune, fame or family."

"My lord duke," replied Aglae, who had by this time sufficiently recovered from her confusion to examine his countenance intently, "if my son had been guilty of any crime, I would not attempt to justify him; but love is involuntary, and you should consider his youth."

"An artist—an artist to dare think of marrying my daughter!"

"At our age, my lord, pride and ambition may alone have away. At his the heart rules, and the rank of the beloved is forgotten in her charms."

"You approve the conduct of your son, then, madame?"

"I grieve for his misfortune. I respect the distinctions of society as much as you can, my lord, and my son had no thought of disturbing them, for they never once came into his mind. Put yourself in his place, and then pronounce. You have been as young as he, perhaps have loved as ardently. Did you at that time stop to reason, before you dared to feel?"

A sudden flush crimsoned the countenance of the man of power, but it passed away, and he proceeded with composure and decision:

"I say once more, madame, that your son loves my daughter, and they must no longer inhabit the same city. Let him depart, and instantly. Who knows to what pitch his presumption may not carry him? The next thing I shall discover, if he remains, will be some clandestine correspondence, forsooth, or—"

"My lord, I am already in possession of a letter—"

"Ha! Is it then so? Unparalleled effrontery. Has he then dared—"

"Read it, my lord," replied the mother of Aglae, after having taken from her secretary a paper most carefully enveloped. "Read it, and then pronounce the sentence of the writer."

The duke, whose hand trembled so with indignation that he was some instants before he could unfold the paper, opened it and read as follows:

"Your father is a barbarian. Am I, then, less than he, that he should scorn me thus? You have my love, and you return it—what more can reason exact? He censured the conduct of the Count de Vermonton. His own is worse. The count did not profess one principle and practice another. Your father does. Woe to the parents whom rank and riches can render deaf to the appeals of love and nature!"

In astonishment he lifts up his eyes.

"Aglae! Aglae! It is—can it be Aglae?"

"Julian, it is; and it is Aglae whom you would deprive of her son, her darling son—the only being now left on earth to be kind to her!"

"No more of sadness, no more of solitude and suffering! The Duke de Stralsund has made you weep. Julian, on his knees, implores your pardon; Julian, who only lives for you! And now, Aglae," added he, with a smile, "may the daughter of the low-born Julian aspire to wed the grandson of the Marquis de Vaudon?"

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

By HENRY GEORGE.

(Continued from page 231.)

So true is it that poverty does not come from the inability to produce more wealth than in all branches of production the power to produce is in excess of the ability to find a market; that the constant fear is not that too little, but that too much, will be produced! Do we not maintain a high tariff, and keep at every port a horde of Custom House officers, for fear the people of other countries will overwhelm us with their goods? Is not a great part of our machinery constantly idle? Are there not, even in what we call good times, an immense number of unemployed men who would gladly be at work producing wealth if they could only get the opportunity? Do we not even now hear, from every side, of embarrassment from the very excess of productive power, and of combinations to reduce production? Coal operators band together to limit their output; ironworks have shut down, or are running on half time; distillers have agreed to limit their production to one-half their capacity, and sugar refiners to sixty per cent.; paper-mills are suspending for one, two or three days a week; the gunny cloth manufacturers, at a recent meeting, agreed to close their mills until the present over-stock on the market is greatly reduced; many other manufacturers have done the same thing. The shoemaking machinery of New England can in six months full running, it is said, supply the whole demand of the United States for twelve months; the machinery for making rubber goods can turn out twice as much as the market will take.

This seeming glut of production, this seeming excess of productive power, runs through all branches of industry, and is evident all over the civilized world. From blackberries, bananas or apples to ocean steamships and plate-glass mirrors there is scarcely an article of human comfort or convenience that could not be produced in very much greater quantities than now without lessening the production of anything else.

So evident is this that many people think and talk and write as though the trouble is that there is not work enough to go around. We are in constant fear that other nations may do for us some of the work we might do for ourselves, and, to prevent them, guard ourselves with a tariff. We laud as public benefactors those who, as we say, "furnish employment." We are constantly talking as though this "furnishing of employment," this "giving of work" were the greatest boon that could be conferred upon society. To listen to

much that is talked and much that is written, one would think that the cause of poverty is that there is not work enough for so many people, and that if the Creator had made the rock harder, the soil less fertile, iron as scarce as gold, and gold as diamonds; or if ships would sink and cities burn down oftener, there would be less poverty, because there would be more work to do.

The Lord Mayor of London tells a deputation of unemployed workmen that there is no demand for their labor, and that the only resource for them is to go to the poorhouse or emigrate. The English Government is shipping from Ireland able-bodied men and women to avoid maintaining them as paupers. Even in our own land there are at all times large numbers, and in hard times vast numbers, earnestly seeking work—the opportunity to give labor for the things produced by labor.

Perhaps nothing shows more clearly the enormous forces of production constantly going to waste than the fact that the most prosperous times in all branches of business that this country has known was during the civil war, when we were maintaining great fleets and vast armies, and millions of our industrial population were engaged in supplying them with wealth for unproductive consumption or for reckless destruction. It is idle to talk about the fictitious prosperity of these flush times. The masses of the people lived better, dressed better, found it easier to get a living, and had more of luxuries and amusements than in normal times. There was more real, tangible wealth in the North at the close than at the beginning of the war. Nor was it the great issue of paper money, nor the creation of the debt which caused this prosperity. The Government presses struck off promises to pay; they could not print ships, cannon, arms, tools, food and clothing. Nor did we borrow these things from other countries or "from posterity." Our bonds did not begin to go to Europe until the close of the war, and the people of one generation can no more borrow from the people of a subsequent generation than we who live on this planet can borrow from the inhabitants of another planet or another solar system. The wealth consumed and destroyed by our fleets and armies came from the then existing stock of wealth. We could have carried on the war without the issue of a single bond if, when we did not shrink from taking from wife and children their only bread-winner, we had not shrunk from taking the wealth of the rich.

Our armies and fleets were maintained, the enormous unproductive and destructive use of wealth was kept up, by the labor and capital then and there engaged in production. And it was that the demand caused by the war stimulated productive forces into activity that the enormous drain of the war was not only supplied, but that the North grew richer. The waste of labor in marching and countermarching, in digging trenches, throwing up earthworks, and fighting battles, the waste of wealth consumed or destroyed by our armies and fleets did not amount to as much as the waste constantly going on from unemployed labor and idle or partially used machinery.

It is evident that this enormous waste of productive power is due, not to defects in the laws of Nature, but to social maladjustments which deny to labor access to the natural opportunities of labor and rob the laborer of his just reward. Evidently the glut of markets does not really come from over-production when there are so many who want the things which are said to be over-produced, and would gladly exchange their labor for them did they have opportunity. Every day passed in enforced idleness by a laborer who would gladly be at work could he find opportunity, means so much less in the fund which creates the effective demand for other labor; every time wages are screwed down means so much reduction in the purchasing power of the workmen whose incomes are thus reduced. The paralysis which at all times wastes productive power, and which in times of industrial depression causes more loss than a great war, springs from the difficulty which those who would gladly satisfy their wants by their labor find in doing so. It cannot come from any natural limitation, so long as human desires remain unsatisfied, and Nature yet offers to man the raw material of wealth. It must come from social maladjustments which permit the monopolization of these natural opportunities, and which rob labor of its fair reward.

What these maladjustments are I shall in subsequent papers endeavor to show. In this I wish simply to call attention to the fact that productive power in such a state of civilization as ours is sufficient, did we give it play to so enormously increase the production of wealth as to give abundance to all—to point out that the cause of poverty is not in natural limitations, over which we have no power, but in inequalities and injustices of distribution entirely within our control.

The passenger who leaves New York on a trans-Atlantic steamer does not fear that the provisions will give out. The men who run these steamers do not send them to sea without provisions enough for all they carry. Did He who made this whirling planet for our journey lack the forethought of man? Not so. In soil and sunshine, in vegetable and animal life, in veins of minerals and pulsing forces which we are only beginning to discover, are capabilities which we cannot exhaust—materials and powers from which human effort, guided by intelligence, may gratify every material want of every human creature. There is in nature no reason for poverty—not even for the poverty of the crippled or the decrepid. For man is by nature a social animal, and the family affections and the social sympathies would, where chronic poverty did not distort and emburthen, amply provide for those who could not provide for themselves.

But if we will not use the intelligence with which we have been gifted to adapt social organization to natural laws—if we allow

dogs-in the manger to monopolize what they cannot use; if we allow strength and cunning to rob honest labor, we must have chronic poverty, and all the social evils it inevitably brings. Under such conditions there would be poverty in paradise.

Who that looks about him can fail to see that it is only the injustice that denies natural opportunities to labor, and robs the producer of the fruits of his toil, that prevents us all from being rich. Consider the enormous powers of production now going to waste; consider the great number of unproductive consumers maintained at the expense of producers—the rich men and dukes, the worse than useless Government officials, the pick-pockets, burglars and confidence men; the highly respectable thieves who carry on their operations inside the law; the great army of lawyers; the beggars and paupers, and inmates of prisons; the monopolists and cornerers and gamblers of every kind and grade. Consider how much brains and energy and capital is devoted, not to the production of wealth, but to the grabbing of wealth. Consider the waste caused by competition which does not increase wealth; by laws which restrict production and exchange. Consider how human power is lessened by insufficient food, by unwholesome lodgings, by work done under conditions that produce disease and shorten life. Consider how intemperance and thriftless follow poverty. Consider how the ignorance bred of poverty lessens production, and how the vice bred of poverty causes destruction, and who can doubt that under conditions of social justice all might be rich?

The wealth-producing powers that would be evoked in a social state based on justice, where wealth went to the producers of wealth, and the banishment of poverty had banished the fear and greed and lusts that spring from it, we now can only faintly imagine. Wonderful as have been the discoveries and inventions of this century, it is evident that we have only begun to grasp that dominion which it is given to mind to obtain over matter. Discovery and invention are born of leisure, of material comfort, of freedom. These secured to all, and who shall say to what command over nature man may not attain?

It is not necessary that any one should be condemned to monotonous toil; it is not necessary that any one should lack the wealth and the leisure which permit the development of the faculties that raise man above the animal. Mind not muscle is the motor of progress, the force which compels nature and produces wealth. In turning men into machines we are wasting the highest powers. Already in our society there is a favored class who need take no thought for the morrow—what they shall eat, or what they shall drink, or where-withal they shall be clothed. Was Christ a dreamer when He told his disciples that in that kingdom of justice for which He taught them to work and pray this might be the condition of all?

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Several of the best cabinet-makers and decorators in Vienna have combined to prepare a section in the coming electrical exhibition in that city which shall display the remarkable effects of color which electric lighting makes possible.

Hautefeuille and Margottet have obtained a number of phosphates in crystals by using as solvents certain salts in igneous fusion. They dissolve the morpous phosphates obtained by precipitation in about four parts of melted metaphosphoric acid.

Turkey has entered the lists as an excavator of antiquities on her own territory. A subscription, headed by the Sultan with \$1,500, has been started in Constantinople to buy lands in the Troad in order to enrich the national museum with such antiquities as may reward the digging.

Archil, the new dyestuff, is now put in the market in the form of paste, and is employed in wood and silk in an acid bath (by means of sulphuric acid and sulphate of soda). The shades obtained differ very little from those had by means of archil, but are slightly yellower. With equal prices the substitute is said to be richer in color than archil and also faster.

Microscopes have been tried with the Swan incandescent lamp, instead of the ordinary oil one, and with marked success. A small lamp of two or three candles in power is rigidly attached to the microscope, and then the current is sent through it at will, giving a pure light without any of the drawbacks of great heat, smell, unsteadiness of any kind, or any necessity for cleaning.

A Pittsburgh inventor has contrived a nitro-glycerine shell. The components of nitro-glycerine are put in separate compartments of a shell and the partitions are broken down when the shell strikes; the ingredients mingle and explode. These engines would be no more diabolical than the torpedoes now in use. The plan of the inventor is to do as much execution with light six-pounders as with the largest guns of the British navy.

During the past winter, at a large number of private and official *soirees* in Paris, the electric light has been used from storage batteries in a very simple manner. The accumulators are carried in a vehicle which is stationed in front of the house, and electric wires are conducted into the building through the windows. Incandescent lamps are placed in the ordinary candelabras, and the fitting of the most complex lighting is an affair of a very few hours.

A Large Collection of weapons and implements from the Stone Age in Japan has arrived in London. The collector, Herr von Siebold, is an official of the Austrian Embassy in Japan, and has resided for many years in the latter country. The collection embraces a large number of flint arrowheads, celts, axes, as well as numerous specimens of pottery taken from shell-heaps in various parts of Japan. The well-known *wagatama* and *kudatama* ornaments are also well represented.

Humiston, a Boston chemist, has invented some kind of a chemical preparation that is said to preserve meat, fish and other articles of food, at an ordinary temperature, for an almost indefinite time. A Yale College professor, who has been experimenting with the thing, reports that he ate beef, poultry, oysters and milk that had been preserved in his laboratory for sixteen days and at the end of that time were perfectly sound and sweet. Other portions of the same articles he kept as long as thirty-five days, in an average temperature of 70 degrees, without their showing any sign of putrefaction, and examples were cited where trout treated with this preservative were sent home in Summer without ice and eaten a week after they were caught.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Washington Monument has reached the height of 350 feet.

—THE French Chamber of Deputies has adopted the American Postal Service Bill in a slightly modified form.

—THE Catholic clergy of Montreal have issued a pastoral letter urging the Irish societies not to affiliate with the Irish National League.

—DEAN BRADLEY has made arrangements to place the bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey, between the tombs of Chaucer and Dryden.

—THE Virginia Episcopal Convention has adopted a report recommending separate congregational organizations for the blacks, as requested by the latter.

—THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has advertised for proposals until June 10th for the construction of its line between Baltimore and Philadelphia.

—THE Mexican Government is perfecting a comprehensive plan for the encouragement of emigration, beginning with its northern States. The Government will give land and pay for passages.

—STRAWED away in various receptacles in the room of Henry Thomen, a native of Switzerland and of miserly habits, who recently died at San Francisco, were found \$80,000 in bonds and gold coin.

—OVER 40,000 Egyptian war medals have been conferred. The great number surprises people who had supposed that a few regiments of brave English soldiers drove Arab's wretched ragamuffins from the field of war.

—THE Spanish Government has agreed to pay the American indemnity. Provision will be made in the Cuban Budget for upwards of \$525,000, being the remainder of the award fixed by the Washington Commission.

—THE village of Nuenkirchen, Germany, was totally destroyed by fire last week. Even the fruit trees and the wooden crosses in the churchyard were burned. The entire population, numbering 1,300, is rendered homeless.

—DURING the last year 2,251 new schools, with a membership of 82,749, were organized by the American Sunday-school Union. During the fifty-nine years of its existence the Union has organized 74,027 schools, with a total membership of 3,587,850.

—TWENTY-SEVEN Ute children have been sent to the Indian school at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Heretofore the Ute Indians have protested against sending their children to school. The children were taken from the Southern Ute reservation in Colorado.

—NEARLY all the railroad coal mines in the Pittsburgh district resumed work last week at the three-cent mining rate, pending the settlement of the wages question by the operators and miners' trades tribunal. About 4,000 miners returned to work.

—MICHAEL KELLER, while plowing on his farm at Green Island, near Troy, N. Y., a few days ago, discovered a skeleton of immense size, supposed to be that of an Indian. He also unearthed a tomahawk, an arrow-shaft, which crumbled on being touched, a quiver and an arrow-head.

—THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has decided to continue at full pay the 600 men who were thrown out of employment by the destruction of the paint shop, on the meadows, near Jersey City, on last Saturday night. The company will also pay to the men the value of the tools they lost in the fire.

—Two new buildings are to be given to Tufts College in Massachusetts, with ample funds for their care and maintenance, by two gentlemen who are unwilling that their names should be made public, and neither of them knows what the other is intending to do. One building is to be a gymnasium; the other for a scientific department.

—ACCORDING to a law recently passed and signed, any person in the State of New York who is liable to highway tax—which means every person who owns real estate—may claim exemption to the extent of one dollar for every four trees planted on the roadside adjacent to his property, the exemption not to be asked until the year after planting.

—THE Governor of the Soudan has telegraphed to the Khédive reporting that after the battle of April 29th the rebel forces were pursued. Two vessels, commanded respectively by Hicks Pasha and Yehieh Bey, out of their retreat at the passage of the Nile. A majority of the native chiefs submitted to the Egyptians, and the Governor is sanguine that the others will follow their example.

—A MANUFACTURING firm at Lansingburg, N. Y., has almost completed a paper steamboat for a Pittsburgh company. Its length is twenty-five feet. It has a seating capacity for twenty-five persons, and a carrying capacity of three tons. The sheathing is a solid body of paper three-eighths of an inch thick. A bullet from a revolver fired at the sheathing from a distance of only four feet neither penetrated nor made an abrasion in it.

—ENGLISH hostility to the Madagascar and Tonquin expeditions has greatly exasperated the French, and the bitterness of the French press is remarkable. Just at present it is inflamed over the new Suez Canal project in the highest degree, and important developments are looked for at the shareholders' meeting on June 4th, in Paris. One result will probably be that the company will at once undertake a new canal parallel with the present, and thereby discourage and render unnecessary the British project.

—A QUEEN divorce case is reported from Kimballton, Muskingum County, O. Mrs. Sarah S. P. Sales asks for a divorce from her husband on the ground that he is a very devout Christian and prays three times each day. She avers that at family worship Mr. Sales points out all the great sins mentioned in the Bible and makes them apply to his wife, denouncing her in bitter terms before all the members of the family. This is the reason she prays for a divorce, regarding her husband's denunciations as cruel in the extreme.

—A STATISTICAL statement just issued by the Treasury Department shows that the exports of merchandise during the present year will probably exceed those of last year by from \$60,000,000 to \$75,000,000. Last year their value was \$750,000,000. This year, judging from the work of the nine months for which we have figures, the total will be from \$810,000,000 to \$820,000,000. The total exports for the nine months ended March 31st were \$650,000,000, against about \$590,000,000 in the corresponding time of last year.

—GERMANY has an evangelist from America. His name is Von Schleimbach. He was at one time editor of a German infidel paper, and active in organizing infidel clubs among his countrymen in various parts of the United States. Subsequently he was ordained by the Methodist Conference of Texas. Last Summer he went to Berlin for medical treatment, and held several religious services, with marked success, in the most neglected portions of the city. Halls were rented and handbills were carried to the homes of the people. During the Winter and Spring meetings have been conducted in six different parts of Berlin with marvelous success.



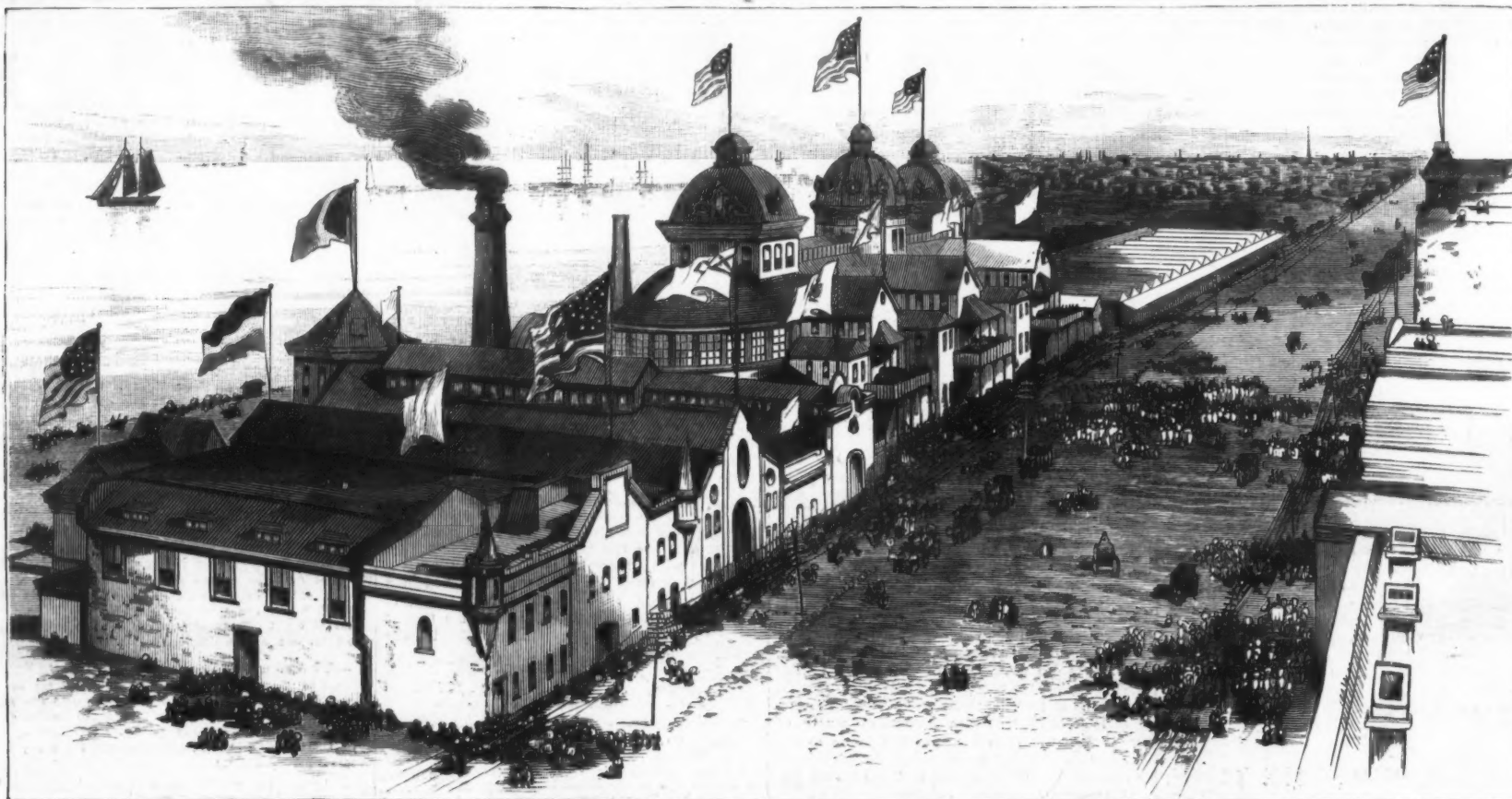
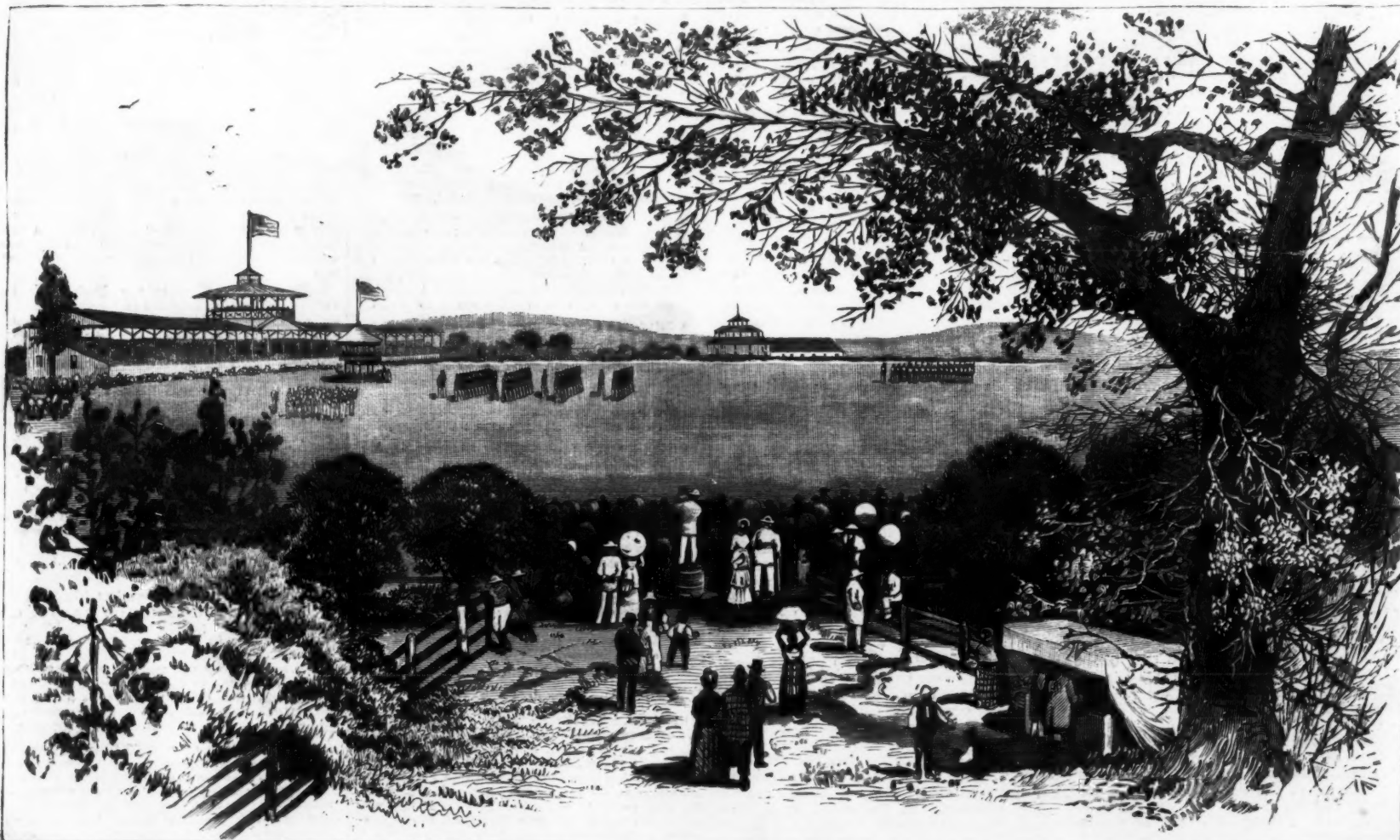
GEORGE M. PULLMAN, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE EXPOSITION.



LUCIUS FAIRCHILD, PRESIDENT OF THE EXPOSITION.



E. H. TALBOT, SECRETARY OF THE EXPOSITION.

ILLINOIS.—THE NATIONAL EXPOSITION OF RAILWAY APPLIANCES, OPENED AT CHICAGO, MAY 24TH—GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.
FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK YEAGER.—SEE PAGE 241.TENNESSEE.—VIEW OF THE DRILL-GROUND AT NASHVILLE, SCENE OF THE GRAND NATIONAL COMPETITIVE MILITARY DRILL AND MUSICAL FESTIVAL, MAY 21ST-26TH.
FROM A PHOTO. BY BRETTEN.—SEE PAGE 241.



KENTUCKY.—HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR. PHOTO. BY BELL.

HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT,
DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF
KENTUCKY.

HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Kentucky, was born August 29th, 1830, in Lebanon, in that State, and is now in the prime of his powers. When nineteen years of age he commenced the study of the law, and, removing a year later to Missouri, was in 1851 admitted to the Bar. Six years afterwards he was elected a member of the Lower House of the Missouri Legislature, and in 1859 was made Attorney-general of the State by gubernatorial appointment. The following Spring the Democratic Convention unanimously nominated him for the same office, and he was elected in August, 1862.

Returning to Kentucky in 1863, he commenced the practice of his profession in Lebanon, amidst the scenes of his youth. Three years afterwards he was nominated and elected to the Fortieth Congress, in November, 1866, and was re-elected to the Forty-first Congress by large majorities. Subsequently, in 1873, he was elected to the Forty-third Congress, and again re-elected to the Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses, always on the Democratic ticket. At the Congressional elections last year he declined being a candidate. Mr. Knott while a member of the House of Representatives occupied a prominent position on important committees, and was the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee during the last Democratic Congress.

In the Winter of 1870-71 Mr. Knott, through an apparently trivial incident, suddenly awoke one morning and found himself famous. A young man with a Western "get up" and country look about him, called at Mr. Knott's room one night and requested him to vote and use his influence in the House for the passage of a Bill for the establishment of a town in which he was deeply interested. Mr. Knott told his visitor—an entire stranger to him—that he was then too busy to listen to his appeal, but might do so some other time. But his visitor persisted, urging that the golden "now was the accepted time"; that the fate of the town and the Bill was to be decided the following day, when it came up for its rejection or its passage. Wouldn't he look at this map and see the importance of the projected road and the town to the country? Unfolding the map, the visitor ingeniously exhibited by means of its lines the important relation which the growth of this city on

paper—Duluth—sustained to the prosperity of not only all other Western, Eastern and Southern cities, but of the whole American Union. On this unique map all other large, well-known commercial and manufacturing emporiums were to be eclipsed and obscured indeed by the strides of Duluth in greatness and wealth. Mr. Knott was somewhat "struck" with this map, and, taking it from the proffered hand, said he would do the best he could for the Bill—at least would say a word in its behalf. How that "word was said," made Mr. Knott famous throughout the length and breadth of the Union. The writer of this heard it, and he well remembers the roars and peals of laughter with which it was greeted in the House by the members, as they crowded round the speaker to catch every word that fell from his lips. From that day Mr. Knott's reputation as a humorist has been securely established; but it may be added that, while all the world applauded, he never again heard from the man of the map.

Mr. Knott's election to the office for which he is now named is, of course, beyond all doubt.

THE NATIONAL RAILWAY
EXPOSITION.

THE National Exposition of Railway Appliances, which opened at Chicago on May 24th, is the most extensive display of locomotives, cars, trucks and other appurtenances of the rail ever seen in this country. In addition to the railway appliances on exhibition, there is a very fine collection of ores, used in the construction, adornment, or running of railway appliances, and also a fine array of tropical plants. The exhibition is held in the Interstate Exposition Building, near the centre of the city, a great structure 800 feet long by 200 wide, and an annex of two large pavilions, which was required by the number and extent of the exhibits, giving a total exhibit space of 1,800 by 400 feet. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the display is the collection of old locomotives and other primitive appliances, which contrast strangely with the finished products of the present day. Among these is the boiler of the "Stowbridge

since it was first announced, and there is every prospect of a large attendance during the month that the exhibition remains open. Many notable railroad men were in attendance at the opening, among them Joseph Whitehead, who was the first fireman of the "Rocket," the first locomotive ever built, and David Matthews, who was the engineer of the first train that went over the Mohawk and Hudson River Road. It is intended to devote the surplus fund arising from the exhibition to the establishment and maintenance of a home for aged or disabled railroad employees. We give an illustration of the exposition building, with portraits of some of the principal managers.

THE NATIONAL COMPETITIVE DRILL
AT NASHVILLE, TENN.

THE grand national competitive military drill and musical carnival, which took place in Nashville, Tenn., last week, proved the most successful exhibition of the kind ever given in the country. No less than seventeen companies, representing military organizations in many States of both the North and the South, participated, and visitors

way most agreeable. The drill was held at the Fair Grounds, about one and a half miles west of the public square, and near the Vanderbilt University. A heavy storm at the opening of the week blew down the tents and made havoc of the decorations, but the damage was speedily repaired, and the carnival closed in a blaze of glory. The hospitality for which Nashville has long been famous was fully extended to all, and the visitors departed full of pleasant remembrances of the occasion.

THE CATHEDRAL OF MONTEREY.

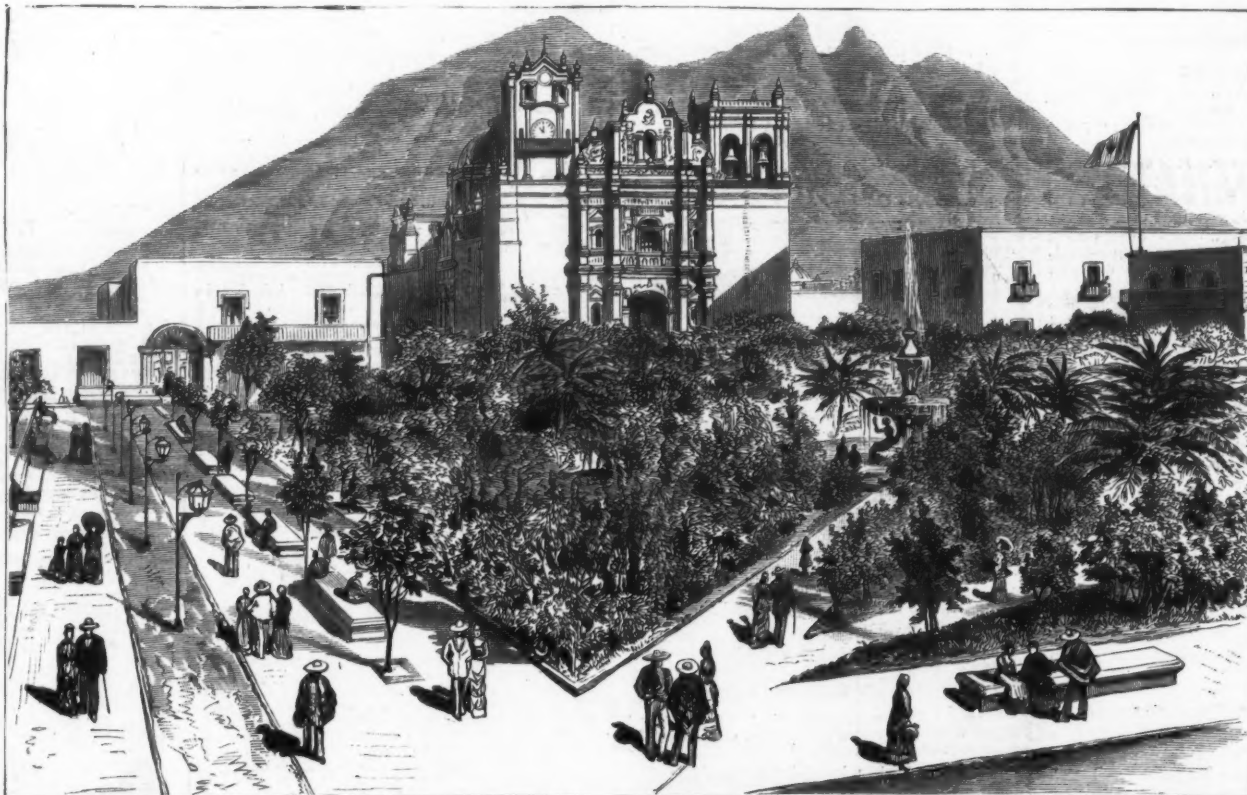
THE Cathedral of Monterey, Mexico, occupies an eligible site on the east side of the Plaza of Zaragoza—a large square, planted thickly with semi-tropical plants and fuzzy bushes and tall trees, among which little paths, fenced off by a lattice-work of bamboo, wind inward to the centre. In the central open space of this square is a great stone fountain, the plash and murmur of which on a hot day are peculiarly refreshing. The cathedral, facing the square, is an imposing structure, with a curious facade, the decoration of which is not like, yet is suggestive of, the decorations on the Aztec ruins of Palenque. Monterey is the residence of the Bishop of Linares.

THE
"GRANITE STATE"

WE give an illustration of the steamer *Granite State*, of the New York and Hartford Line, from a photo. taken after her destruction by fire at Goodspeed's Landing on the morning of May 18th. The destruction was complete, and the wonder is that, considering the rapidity and intensity of the flames, the loss of life was not much greater.

DIVORCE IN ITALY.

SOME statistics have been published with regard to divorce and judicial separation in Italy. It is now over two years since a project of law for the introduction of divorce into Italy—where, under the Papal Government, the institution did not exist—was laid before the Chamber of Deputies. It appears that the number of judicial separations applied for from 1866 to the end of 1879, excepting the provinces of Rome and Venetia before 1871, was 11,431. The duration of the married state previous to separation was: 777 instances less than one year, 2,719 more than one and less than five years, 4,937 more than five and less than twenty years, 1,012 over twenty years, and 2,886 unknown. Violence and threats were the prevalent causes of the suits, and in the majority of cases the fault was on the side of the husband, and



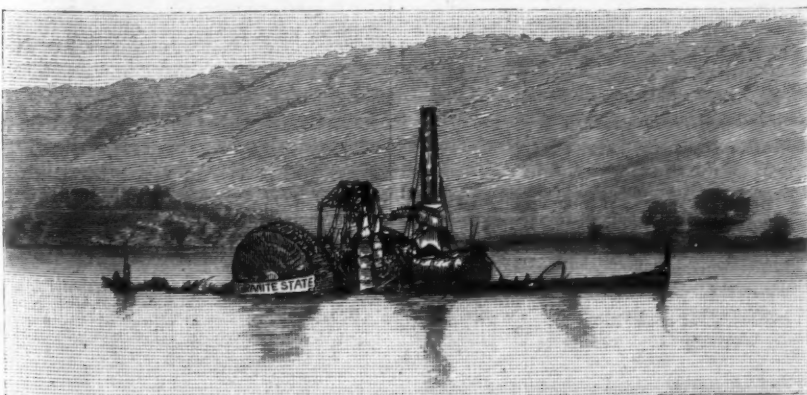
MEXICO.—THE CATHEDRAL OF MONTEREY, ON THE PLAZA OF ZARAGOZA.—FROM A PHOTO. BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. CHESS.

Lion," the first locomotive ever run in America. The "Arabian," No. 1, which went into service on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1834, is also on exhibition. Neither of these bears any resemblance to those used at the present day. An old "Prairie Schooner," used before the advent of railroads, is also shown. The first elevated electric railway ever constructed in the country has been erected around the building, and trains make regular trips over it. In the yard are locomotives, freight-cars and passenger-coaches, water-tanks as complete in detail as those which can be found on a road, and other things which belong to the heavier part of the exhibition.

The exposition opened with a formal address by Elihu B. Washburne, and an address of welcome by Mayor Harrison. Great interest has been manifested in the enterprise all over the country ever

poured into the city from all parts of the nation. The competing companies were warmly received and heartily welcomed, and their stay was made in every

case the fault was on the side of the husband, and



THE STEAMER "GRANITE STATE," DESTROYED BY FIRE AT GOODSPEED'S LANDING, ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER, MAY 18TH.—FROM A PHOTO. BY T. S. OLDERSHAW.



ILLINOIS.—THE NATIONAL EXPOSITION OF RAILWAY APPLIANCES AT CHICAGO. THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY IN THE EXPOSITION GALLERY. FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK YEAGER.

the children were consigned to the care of the wife. In 1879 there were 585 separations out of 213,096 marriages, and, in 1880, 615 out of 196,738. Some strange statistics are given as to the percentage of divorces during the first year of marriage in different countries. In Roumania 24.62 per cent. of marriages are dissolved in the first year, and 11.73 per cent. last over ten years. In Sweden 6.19 last only a year, while 63.29 are dissolved after ten years. In Italy 6.55 per cent. of the marriages are dissolved in the first year; in Switzerland, 3.52; and in France, 0.68.

England's New Field-gun.

A NEW and powerful field-gun, designed to supersede the 16-pounder as the weapon of the field artillery, has been proved at the Butts in the Government marshes adjoining the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and passed a satisfactory trial. The new gun weighs the same as the 16-pounder, namely, twelve hundred-weight, but is a breech-loader, and, like all the modern guns, has an elongated chase or barrel. The construction is, in all respects, identical with the most recent designs of the royal gun factories. The metal is steel, in concentric coils. The several advances made in the art of gunnery since the 16-pounder was produced by the experimental committee in 1870 have enabled Colonel Maitland, superintendent of the royal gun factories, to bring out this new gun of the same weight to fire a projectile six pounds heavier, and it will consequently be known in the service as the 22-pounder. The 16-pounder fires only three pounds of powder behind the shot; but the 22-pounder can with safety take seven and a half pounds, and with this charge it has registered the remarkable velocity of 1,775 feet per second, which is 420 feet higher than the best performance of the gun which it is to supersede. Such a velocity implies a very extensive range, and the gun will probably do effective work with shrapnel shell at a distance of three miles. A number of the new guns are to be at once manufactured at Woolwich.

A Unique Present.

JAMES KENNARD, of Manchester, N. H., recently received from his brother, who is a resident of Cleveland, O., a clock which is securely inclosed in a framework of wonderful minerals, specimens having been obtained for this frame from more than forty different mines. These minerals are cemented together, and are arranged in the most fantastic and attractive forms, with a representation of a miniature lake at the base. This collection, as viewed either in the glow of sunlight or in the light of gas, gives an opportunity for enthusiastic and instructive study, and has greatly interested several who are familiar with the science of mineralogy. The collection is almost wholly composed of minerals from the centennial State of Colorado.

Cremation in Japan.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Hugo News* says: "There are three large cremation places in Osaka, and one of these I visited the other day. It is situated near the Katsugawa, outside the city limits, and is surrounded by a high wall. The appearance of the place from the road is similar to that of a temple, were it not for the chimney, which towers aloft about sixty feet. In the main crematory there are twenty large furnaces, each capable of burning three bodies; so that sixty corpses can be reduced to ashes at the same time. Operations commence at eleven P. M., and by three o'clock in the morning the process is completed. Cremations do not take place during the day, in order to avoid any possible annoyance to the neighborhood, although the high chimney would probably prevent unpleasantness. There is another crematory connected with this chimney by a shaft, and it appeared of equal capacity with the main building, but I could not examine it, as the doors were locked. When I visited this place there were five bodies awaiting cremation, three grown-up persons and two children. It was then late, and no more were expected. I was particularly struck with the scrupulous cleanliness of the cremation establishment, and cannot avoid remarking that it reflects credit upon those in charge."

Tree-planting in Kansas.

THE State of Kansas has made an encouraging beginning in tree-planting. Two plantations of five hundred acres each in Crawford County illustrate what may be achieved in this direction. One of the plantations is conducted by the Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad Company, primarily to furnish ties and timber for its own use, and with a view to effect ultimately a great saving by its enterprise. The Western catalpa (*Catalpa speciosa*) appears to be the tree preferred for planting on the prairie. It is a native of the lowlands along the streams in Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri. The wood is tenacious of life, is soft and almost indestructible, even when exposed to the weather, and has proved so durable that the farmers in Missouri, it is said, have nearly exterminated the species in their eagerness to secure it for fence posts. It is also an exceedingly rapid grower. A block of one hundred thousand seedlings planted in the Spring of 1879 on rich soil in the Fort Scott forest already ranges from ten to fifteen feet in height, while the individual trees vary in circumference from eight to eleven inches.

Eucalyptus-trees and Malaria.

ABOUT 100,000 eucalyptus-trees have been planted on a large tract of land in the Roman Campagna by the Trappists, to whom the tract was granted by the Italian Government. The vast marshes in the vicinity of Rome have exhaled deadly vapors for many centuries, and no device hitherto employed has diminished their malarial influence. But the planting of eucalyptus-trees has already made Tre Fontane, the abbey of the Trappists, habitable throughout the whole year, although the monks have heretofore been compelled to desert it during the sickly season. The result has excited the wonder of the Italian Government, and intelligent people everywhere are discussing the importance of introducing the eucalyptus in every malarial region where it will grow. The tree is useful for building ships and bridges, and also for railway ties, and as its growth is rapid, the considerations in favor of its introduction are many. The eucalyptus thrives in France, Spain, Portugal and Italy, and in Australia it is especially flourishing.

How the Lumbermen are Fed.

A LETTER from a lumberman in Michigan to the *Lapeer Clarion* gives this idea of boarding-house life among the pines: "Mr. Stephens's boarding-house is a three-story building where he boards his mill men. The board is good. It is rather heavy diet for an office man, but I don't suppose I am obliged to eat any more than is good for me. Just think of having a great thick piece of mince pie set before you for breakfast after pork steak, fried potatoes and buckwheat cakes. We had pie for dinner, of course. But when it came to supper they

omitted the pie. All they gave us for supper was beefsteak, potatoes, toast, tea, doughnuts, cookies, cut cake, sauce, pickles, beets, and hot biscuits. I have been here about a month now, and the fare, as to quantity and quality, is the same every day. Fridays they have fish in addition to the usual bill of fare."

Gardening in Bermuda.

It is a marvel (says a Bermuda letter) where all the vegetables come from that are shipped from these islands to New York, for there is not a field of five acres extent in the whole place, and the entire acreage is only 12,000, of which 1,000 belongs to the Government, and more than 8,000 are hills and rocks utterly unfit for tillage. The main island contains 9,725 acres; St. George's, 706; Somerset, 702; and Ireland island, 133. These four are the principal islands, and there are only 1,000 acres to be divided among the 300 or more small islands, none of which are cultivated. The immense quantity of land not put to any use is one of the first things noticed by a visitor. All the hills and hillsides run wild, because they are not worth cultivating. The rocks are too near the surface. The only good land is in the little valleys, where the sun shines warm, and cool winds never blow. A short time ago, say 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 years, when the Bermudas were under water, the sea deposited a few feet of earthy sediment in these valleys, and it is in this earth that all the Bermuda potatoes and onions we are acquainted with are raised.

Gold, Silver and Paper Money.

DURING the year 1881 the production of precious metals somewhat exceeded that of the previous year. The production of gold in 1881 was of the value of \$107,773,157, and of silver \$97,559,460, whereas in 1880 the figures stood at \$106,436,786 for gold, and \$94,551,069 for silver. By far the largest producer was America, viz.: Gold, \$34,700,000; silver, \$43,000,000; followed in descending scale by Australia—gold, \$31,127,515; silver, only \$227,125. Russia—gold, \$28,551,028; silver, \$473,519. Mexico—gold, only \$989,160; silver, \$25,167,783. Columbia—gold, \$4,000,000; silver, only \$1,000,000. Germany—gold, \$2,210; silver, \$5,576,699. Austria—gold, \$1,240,808; silver, \$1,303,280. Venezuela—gold, \$2,274,692; no silver. Africa—gold, \$1,993,800. Canada—gold, \$1,094,926; silver, \$68,205. Bolivia—gold, \$72,345; silver, \$11,000,000. Chili—gold, \$128,869; silver, \$5,081,747. Spain—silver, \$3,096,220. The remaining supplies were furnished by Sweden, Norway, Italy, Turkey, the Argentine Republic, Brazil and Japan. The largest circulation of paper money throughout the world in 1881 belonged to the United States, which had \$793,074,878 value. Next came Russia, \$612,916,209; followed by France with \$512,129,625; Austria, \$299,091,135; Italy, \$293,772,885; Germany, \$211,122,464; Great Britain, \$203,692,764; Brazil, \$188,155,455. The smallest paper circulation was in Central America, which was only \$163,347. The largest circulation of gold was in France, viz.: \$874,806,000 value; followed by Great Britain, \$592,000,000; United States, \$563,631,455; Germany, \$387,143,742; Spain, \$130,000,000; Italy, \$144,750,000; Belgium, \$103,000,000; Russia, \$119,209,784. The smallest gold circulation was in Peru, which figured at the value of only \$62,085.

"WHITE LILIES WALTZ," by William Fullerton, Jr., dedicated to the Duke of Albany, is the latest composition of this promising young American composer. Mr. Fullerton is at present in London, and this piece is published by Chappell & Co. It is written in the conventional English waltz form, and is melodious and bright. It is purely a dancing waltz and well adapted for performance by an orchestra or military band, and ought to be a favorite with lovers of graceful dance music.

FUN.

A SUMMER resort—borrowing the neighbor's lawnmower.

It is easy to be seen that there is always a man in the honeymoon.

Victor Hugo's vanity is proverbial. He should be called Victor Ego.

BEFORE you criticize a neighbor for keeping a dog, consider how difficult it is to lose one when you want to get rid of him.

LIKE the James boys, Mr. Jay Gould does not smoke, drink or play cards. It is curious in how many points these great-operators resemble one another.

"Is this lady your kindred?" "Yes, yes." "A distant relative, I suppose?" "Oh, certainly; she lives about fifty miles away!"

A FEMININE barber in Idaho makes \$30 a day. This is better than being married and removing her husband's hair for nothing.

At an evening party a fine fellow, but one who likes to talk about himself a great deal, was interrupted in a conversation. At the moment of renewing the story he asked, "What was I saying?" A witty lady immediately replied, "You were saying 'I'."

It is now quite the style for the bridal couple to be an hour or two late, so as to produce the impression that neither cared very much to get married.

ELDERLY philanthropist to small boy, who is vainly striving to pull a door-bell above his reach—"Let me help you, my little man." (Pulls the bell.) Small Boy—"Now you had better run, or we'll both get a licking!"

"No," she said, "I'll not be seen in company with one of those Harvard students. I don't want everybody staring at me and thinking I'm a ballet-dancer."

A Boston butcher says that not one person in fifty can tell sheep from lamb by eating it. And as they can't tell from what the butcher says, they'd better order pork.

"I CANNOT only recall each panoramic view that I saw, but I can have my friends share with me, for I carried with me a Tourist Camera. How fortunate it was that I learned, through a perusal of the book given away by the SCOVILL MFG. CO., of New York, how easily finished pictures could be made; and that I procured one of their reliable outfits!" Established in 1862, and having a reputation at stake as makers of photographic apparatus, the guarantee which the SCOVILL COMPANY give may be depended upon.

SCOVILL & Co., at Nos. 739 and 741 Broadway, are now offering for home adornment rare old Tapestries, Marbles, Bronzes, Sevres, Dresden, Berlin, and Oriental Porcelain, gems of cabinet-work, and a large line of Silverware, suitable for wedding and other gifts.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. TONIC FOR OVERWORKED MEN.

Dr. J. C. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used it as a general tonic, and in particular in the debility and dyspepsia of overworked men, with satisfactory results."

APPETITE AND SLEEP.

"I AM happy to inform you," writes a patient who is using Compound Oxygen, "that I am decidedly better than when I last wrote you. I can sleep three or four hours a night more. Appetite is splendid; can eat enough for any hard-working man." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A CHICAGO man visiting the East was bragging about his native city. "It's the best place in the world to live in!" he exclaimed. "It has the best water, the freshest air, the largest hotels, more saloons to the square than any city in America; but, best of all, as soon as you are tired of married life you can get a divorce in fifteen minutes."

SKINNY men. "WELLS' HEALTH RENEVER" restores health and vigor; cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, &c.

BURNETT'S COCAINE.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HAIR DRESSING. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the hair. BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.

THE most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are ANGSTURIA BITTERS, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your druggist or grocer for the genuine article.

CASWELL, MASSEY & Co.'s COLONYMURIN is a valuable tooth and mouth preparation. Astringent and purifying. 1,121 Broadway and 578 5th Ave.

STINGING Irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "BUCHU-PAIRA." \$1.

THEY DON'T RECOMMEND IT.

If you want to know all about the utter worthlessness of the work done by the DURHAM HOUSE DRAINAGE COMPANY, consult the nearest plumber; but if you prefer to form your own opinion, call or send for a pamphlet to No. 187 Broadway.

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